



messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
“Woods Hole Model Boat Show”
“Backyard Boat Show” – “Seen in My Travels”

Volume 23 - Number 2

June 1, 2005



messing about in BOATS

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Our cover story in this issue is all about model boats. Earlier this year I was invited to address the members of the Marine Modelers Club of New England by the club's Commander, Steve Levesque, who I knew back in the early '70s in my motorcycling days. In preparation for my talk I looked back through the index of the 500 plus issues published and found over 100 articles about model boats, so they were not exactly rarities on these pages. In recent years they have been kept in view by my New Zealand fellow publisher (*Winding World*) Mark Steele, focused on free sailing pond yachts. At the meeting Steve happened to have his model of one of Mark's sailing designs called a Footie, because the only class requirement is that the boat be less than a foot long.

The editor of the club's newsletter, *The Foghorn*, is Ridge White, a name that first turned up in *Messing About in Boats* about 20 years ago with reports on the Scale Model Division of the Minuteman Model Yacht Club based in Needham, Massachusetts. I attended a couple of their R/C yacht races at that time to see what it was all about. Today's Marine Modelers Club is that former Scale Model Division spun off. Many members build and operate engine powered vessels, work boats, and military ships.

I was urged by some members to attend the Woods Hole Model Boat Show in April on Cape Cod. I did so and the result is the photo essay featured in this issue. Jane and I had a very enjoyable couple of hours looking at all the varieties of model boats gathered there and talking with some of their builders. Unlike the full size boating world where the build it yourself types are few and far between (except, possibly, on our pages), model boating is mainly about the building. The subsequent enjoyment of a model boat after its completion is indirect, watching it sail or motor about on a pond, either as a free sailer or more commonly under radio control from shore.

I have never been attracted to models of anything for myself since I was old enough to be able to gain access to the real thing. During WWII as a teenager I built models of warplanes from Paul K. Guillois kits (still in business today!), one major effort being a Grumman Avenger torpedo bomber about 3' long. This plane held special interest for me as the tiny grass airfield a mile from our

home was greatly expanded by the U.S. Navy in 1942 for aircraft carrier pilot training, and squadrons of Avengers would fly in from Squantum Naval Air Station the far side of Boston on every good flying day to practice takeoffs and landings. I never flew my model (rubber band powered) because I was afraid it might crash and destroy a whole lot of hard fussy work.

After the war, when I had a job and a bit more money to spend, I took flying lessons in real planes (65hp four cylinder two place Aeronca Champs and Piper J2 Cubs) and the models were set aside (I do not recall what I did with them). That same year (age 18) I got my first car and parked the 10-year-old bicycle that had been my wheels since age eight, and soon after that got my first motorcycle and was off on a life as a motorhead.

Looking at the model boats at Woods Hole I was reminded of what a challenge it had once been to attempt to build an accurate scale model of a full size plane (I never did boats). The range of models on display was wide ranging and the workmanship staggering in detail and effort to create accurate representations of the real things. I found myself attracted to the work boats, tugs, dredges, special research vessels. I have always been a truck and tractor guy. The sailboats are gorgeous creations, those large enough in scale (3'-4' long) to have rigging components that work while not being way oversize to scale, the most impressive.

An interesting aberration in the scale sailing models illustrates what boat designers will tell you about scaling down a larger design into a smaller replica. A scale model keel will not work, over she goes in a breeze. So, many of the R/C racing yachts have enormous out of scale keels. Another aspect of note is how small can you go in detailing. Something under 1" in size on the real thing disappears in a smaller scale model. But the craftsmen who build these models are very expert at coping with these conundrums.

Woods Hole was a gathering of the clan from all over New England and the camaraderie and fellowship was an outstanding aspect of this game. There does seem to be something inherent in modeling anything (model railroaders are another example) that is very rewarding to those caught up in its charms.

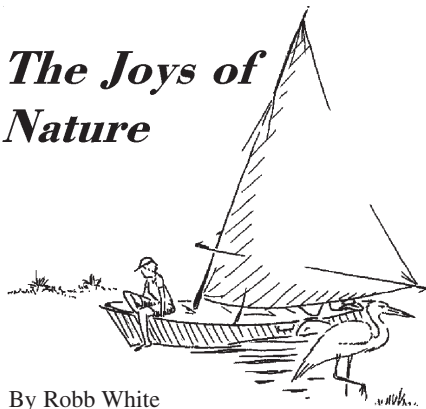
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On the Cover...

Two skippers of radio controlled model yachts at their helms in demo races at the Woods Hole Model Boat Show, full (lots of) coverage in this issue.

The Joys of Nature



By Robb White

Why Willets Hate Humans

Willets are those big sandpipers that run along the beach and holler with a voice that is just as pleasant as the shriek of a pre-puberty girl when the natural tendency to call attention to herself first emerges but before the realization why she wants to call attention to herself erupts. I don't know what the hell willets are trying to do with all that fuss, but they do it every time they fly up when somebody comes along the beach. You would think they were scared to death from the volume of the shriek, but they don't seem to fly as far as they should if they actually thought you were a serious threat. I think they are cussing you for being on their beach in the first place.

They'll certainly cuss you if you go anywhere within half a mile of their nest or even where they are thinking about building a nest. Not only will they verbally abuse you, they'll dive bomb you, screaming like a banshee the whole time, and only peel off at the last second. A mad willet will give one of the

best demonstrations of the Doppler effect I ever saw.

They don't actually build nests. All they do is squiggle their butts around in the sand enough to make a depression deep enough so their eggs won't roll down into the water. They nest up in the sea oats but not far from the water's edge. I think they nest so close to the beach as an act of belligerence so they'll have an excuse to scream at people walking by and dive on little children and scare them.

I can sort of understand their anti-human feelings. Human beings cause willets (and other sandpipers) a lot of extra work. Sandpipers walk along the beach at the edge and, as the thin sheet of the wave recedes, they trot out and probe the sand with their tender beaks while the individual sand grains are still in a state of suspension. They do not ram their beaks down into hard sand. They can feel (I assume) the little burrowing worms and shrimp that live there.

You know, when you walk along a sandy beach at low tide there are a lot of little open holes with sometimes a little water welling up. Sometimes there will be tiny, dark, cylindrical objects about the size of short sections of .7mm pencil lead in the water that is welling up. Those holes are the burrows of a small filter-feeding burrowing shrimp who makes his living filtering plankton out of the waves like Donax. Those little cylindrical objects are the excrement of those shrimp. Those little shrimp turds sometimes get washed into a wad in some little pool and will stick to the bottoms of your feet most marvelously. Willets eat a lot of those little shrimp.

All that is neither here nor there. I was fixing to explain how the stupidity of willets makes it so that people cause them extra work. You know that is sort of a universal rule in the behavior of animals of all sorts. If one of them is stupider than another and gets to feeling put upon by the smarter animal, the stupid one is apt to become sullen and mean. Wild hogs are like that. They know they aren't as smart as the human beings who feel the need to intrude into their territory and,

stupidity notwithstanding, they feel like they might want to eat these human's smart asses up, and sometimes they do. I even believe that this theory can be applied within the ranks of human beings. When they get put upon, stupid people get sullen and mean, too. Willets can't eat our smart asses up, so they do the best they can.

What happens is that when the willets (and other sandpipers) are feeding along the edge, here will come a crew of gamboling humans with no apparent purpose to their smart assed lives at all. When they get too close the sandpipers fly away from the people (and the willets scream at them) down the beach a little way and go back to work on the worms and shrimp.

Pretty soon, here come the damned people, again and the birds have to get up and fly down the beach a little further. As this repetition progresses other small flocks of sandpipers get gathered up and the flock of birds that is preceding the flock of people gets bigger and bigger until finally the birds stupidly look around at how big the flock has become and some of them (the smartest ones... still not MENSA level) say to themselves, "Hell, man, look at all these damned birds. I think I'll fly around these people and work my way back the other way." So they fly out to sea a little way and circle around the people and light back on the beach behind them and continue with their lunch... until the people remember that they better turn around and go get their lunch and then the cycle has to resume all over again. That's why they hate you and scream at you so.

MENSA: This is an organization of people who think they are real smart and like to be recognized as such by other people who are certified to be smart, too. I guess there is a standardized test or something, but I wouldn't know. I do know this. It ain't good to think about how smart you are too much... might overshoot and get educated beyond your intelligence. If that happens, you might enter chat rooms and make a fool of yourself trying to explain things that you don't really understand... but I wouldn't know.

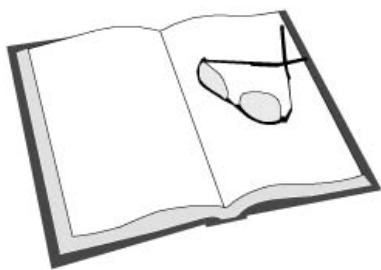
No willets in sight but this is willet country.



The little 1" ad bearing this title first appeared on these pages in March, 1984, about a year after we began publication, and has been with us ever since, doubling in size and staying on through a change in ownership. Columbia Trading Company traded in nautical books back when Larry Glick first contacted us about advertising and today, while books are still the mainstay, present owner Dick Hawkins has added marine art, ship models, and other nautical ephemera in his spacious store in greater downtown Hyannis, Massachusetts, the shire town of Cape Cod.

On our trip to the Cape in April to take in the Woods Hole Model Boat Show, covered elsewhere in this issue, we included a visit to Columbia Trading in our itinerary, along with visiting in Hyannis some of the old family gravesites of the branch of my family that goes back to 1683 on the Cape. It was still pre-summer season on the Cape so we were able to park just around the corner from Columbia and within a short walk of both churchyards. Amazing, Hyannis in mid-summer is awash in tourists.

Dick's shop is a very classy storefront at #1 Barnstable Road, a main street that leads into downtown Hyannis from the Mid-Cape Highway a few miles to the north. It is on the



Book Reviews

Books About Boats

By Bob Hicks

corner of Main Street, hard to get more central than that. His shop was not awash with tourists either so he had time for a pleasant visit with us, showing us around the spacious shop full of all sorts of books and artifacts for the nautically inclined.

Larry Glick moved the business from Suffern, New York, to the Cape as a sort of retirement move, with his son joining him in running the retail store. But the son moved on to other things so Larry decided to sell out and Dick came along in his own early retirement from real world employment and bought the business.

Dick has his computer set up over in a back corner of the store where he devotes the majority of his working hours, when not waiting on customers, to updating his periodic catalogue which, he says, produces the majority of his sales of books. The current issue, #116 pictured, is typical with 659 listings, each with a brief note as to subject matter on its 40 pages (same size and heft as this magazine).

They are listed alphabetically by author, helpful to anyone looking for any specific author's works, but for someone like me, looking in my case for arctic and antarctic exploration books, it means a leisurely scan through all the listings. Since I regard this as recreation and am not driven by time constraints pressing me for instant gratification, I get to see a lot of interesting subjects one can read about in books.


While visiting I looked closely at Dick's short shelf on my current topic of interest and found I already had read those of most interest. One topic I'm not deeply into, but relevant to the main reason for my trip to the Cape that day, boat and ship modeling, filled several shelves and Dick commented that ship modelers are some of his most faithful customers. He had several models on display on consignment arrayed around this section.

It wasn't until later at home when I took my cruise through Catalog #116 that I came across a book I decided I wanted, *The Panama Canal*, by Frederic J. Haskin. I happen to find the stories about the Canal of continuing interest, such a major construction project in the heyday of steam powered construction machinery. Here is how it was listed:

"240. Haskin, Frederic J., *The Panama Canal*, NY: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1914, 386pp, 87 photos, 13 diagrams, fold-out color map, index, DJ. The history and development of the Panama Canal. Hardcover. Very good+ (6972) \$38. Another copy without DJ \$35. Another copy published 1913 without DJ \$35."

This caught my attention as it was written right after completion of the Canal. I much prefer books written contemporary to their subject's times, and if possible by the person living the experiences chronicled. Retrospective histories are okay if they are all that are available, but the viewpoints expressed by those contemporary to the subject, unaffected by hindsight or today's attitudes, are far more appealing to me.

Prices range from around \$15-\$20 for relatively commonplace books on up into the \$100s for unique, often massive reference books. In short, affordable for most of us. Dick will mail you a catalog on request and keep you on his mailing list for a year, thereafter if you have made any purchases. You can write to him at Columbia Trading Co., 1 Barnstable Rd., Hyannis, MA 02601, or if you wish to look into this more, visit his website at <http://www.columbiatrading.com>. And any of you who will be on the Cape this summer would enjoy dropping in to Columbia Trading Monday through Saturday (he's closed Sundays).



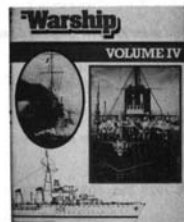

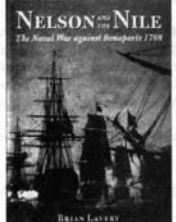
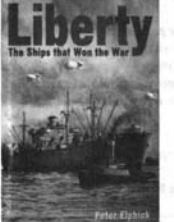
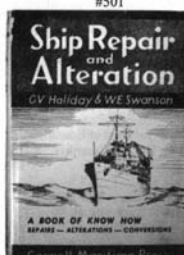


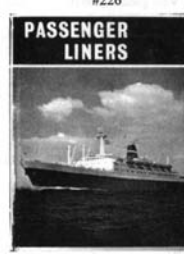
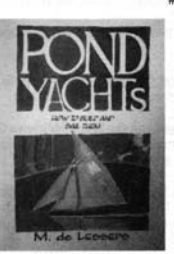


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Book Catalog # 116

April, 2005

 #501	 #168	 #321	 #163
 #226	 #562	 #470	
 #154	 #138	 #445	 #181

As I re-stacked the last of a twice transported wood pile a few weeks back, I found evidence of multi-generational families residing deep into the pile. Feeling like Simon Legree, I kept moving the firewood up into the front porch racks. Having been stacked without a cover for six years, some of the logs were punky and wouldn't pass a survey as sound for ships timber, let alone firewood. A dry rotted log gives little heat and is best left to melt back into the earth and distract the insects away from aging house siding and wooden gutters. Considering the way a hard oak or maple log can turn to dust within a short decade makes me glad to read about an old wooden boat being saved or an old design being built anew from wood. Wood is one of the natural elements in my life; we surround ourselves with it, the sofa is the only non-wooden piece of furniture in the house, the wing chair is a solid oak frame that I stripped and had reupholstered, the rest are assorted Windsor style chairs. The tables are all solid wood and prized among the "occasional pieces" are three sea chests.

Wood, old wood, has a language that I learned to decipher as a child growing up in an old house, playing in old barns and, if I was lucky, sitting in old boats settling into the cradle of rocks and mud where they had been hauled out of the way of the newest vessel's launching. One old sloop sat on lovingly stacked railroad ties, up off the meadow grass, protected from creeping ground rot at a farm my grandmother visited each spring during her rounds of homes and shops to fill her own antique shop with new stock. The old captain was a brother of one of Barbi's friends and he'd wander out to "check on the boat" and ask the eager little girl to "go aboard and open the ports to let the fresh air in so she won't get musty below decks."

While the women haggled over andirons or brass candlesticks, he and I would sit and enjoy the thin spring sunshine far from the sea he loved so well. If the weather was wet, I'd be taken for a tour of the big old barn across the street, allowed to look for the kittens in the loft and feed the hens and piglets. There was an intricate swing set up in the old paddock which could be raised or lowered to suit the size of the user by a huge block and tackle hung from a beam that my memory paints as an old mast stretched from the barn to a massive pine tree. It did have a wide singletree as its stretcher, holding the two side chains that fixed the plank seat securely. Swinging from this device was a balancing act as it went more in circles than in straight arcs.

After a morning of adventure, I'd be brought in and cleaned up, given tea in translucent cups that came "around the horn" on the pair's grandfather's clipper ship. My childish images were of the small sloop making the trip, laden down with tea and spices, when in fact she was a toy for a wealthy gentleman now on permanent shore leave. The Mahjongg set my grandmother carried home from one of these trips now resides in Australia with my sister, perhaps as close to its origins as it's been in a century and more.

Wood and water make it possible to have unlimited enjoyment on a day off. Be it a lazy summer, drifting across the mill pond on a rough cobbled together raft a la Huck Finn, or being mesmerized by the slow revolutions of an old mill wheel. Worlds can be discovered and conquered from the bow of a wind-scoured, rack of ribs protruding from



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

A Deadman's Chest Part I

the sandy beach. As I haul in the short wood chunks to feed the wood stove my storyteller's mind races along, wondering what fate the big oak might have had if my ancestors had cut it down and sawed it into planks to complete an ocean going vessel while it was smaller, still sound, and not shedding its final limbs in a winter's gale a half century later.

When I sit in front of that fire and let the imagination run with the outgoing tide, I prop my feet on a sea chest whose sides are slanted in a classic shape, slightly tapered toward the top so it sat firmly under a hammock below decks. The top is plain wood, the front and ends a dull green with "1802" smeared across the back plank with the same rough brush that decorated the visible front and ends. The interior has a narrow box with sliding cover at the right end and a set of open cubbies to hold bottles from being broken at the left end.

What stories this five plank chest could tell us. Each of the long planks make up a front, rear, bottom, and top lid; the fifth plank was cut in thirds, the ends using two pieces, the third piece having been resawn into thinner pieces to craft the interior storage units. In a time when people took pride and the time to fit tight joints, this chest was just an everyday necessity. It held the meager belongings of a man who lived and perhaps died on board a ship traveling far from his birthplace. The decorative banding along its base is a bumper to keep the ends from being smashed and distorted as it was shifted in and out of the crew's hold.

The only rough touches come from the wrought iron staple and gudgeon hinges that hold the lid in place. The security offered from a boxed lock has been lost along with the skeleton key that turned within its hollow core, all that remains is a distorted empty socket. A few gouges in the tightly matched dovetailed ends only make me wonder at what may have caused them, a flensers hook dropped along side it at the dock as the owner signed on for a voyage out of New Bedford or Nantucket? Perhaps it was banged against the stone quay at Gibraltar when the owner died at sea and his possessions were auctioned off at the next port of call?

They don't detract from its utilitarian beauty, only stir the dreams of a time long past. It has survived as a treasured antique, moving from ship to shop, then holding blankets for a newly married couple when my parents set up housekeeping. Later it held my sister's treasures, dolls, books, and later unmatched silverware as she waited for her future mate to complete his own chest to present to her. I am a temporary caretaker, some day it will be laden with the accumulations of our family and be sent on another voyage around Cape Horn to settle in the Antipodes, perhaps it's been that way before?

Obviously in the Wrong Job

By Jon Sims

Last night I did some work on a boat. I could clearly see what needed doing. The boat was obviously damaged. I did not need to make a business case. I did not need to fill out a report describing the scope or objectives of this job. I did not feel the need to call a meeting to discuss whether the job was necessary. It was obvious that the boat needed fixing.

It was obvious where the boat was damaged. It was obvious what needed doing. It was up to me to decide how to do it. I did not need any instructions. I did not need authorization to do it in an approved way. I did not need an operations flowline chart. I cut out the damaged bit. I took a piece of wood, cut it to shape, and glued it in place.

The wood was tangible, not virtual. I could touch the wood, feel its quality, and smell its life. There was nothing electronic about the wood. It did not need booting up, loading, or programming.

The job did not need any Quality Checks. I could see that the procedure had worked. It was obvious that the boat was fixed and it looked good.

I felt no need to tell anybody about the job. They could see for themselves that the boat was sound. I gained no brownie points nor felt the need. I did not need to fill out a report on the success of the job. The success of the job was obvious. I achieved a great feeling of job satisfaction.

I'm obviously in the wrong job.

You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Disembodied Heads and Shoulders

Robb White's story about coming home from the island in the fog (Vol. 22 #22, April 1, 2005) reminded me of something that happened to me on the Chattahoochee River in Georgia several years back (this is the point where the astute reader realizes that what follows is devoid of real information).

My friend Rosemarie and I set out just at sunrise on the river about ten miles upstream of the first of Atlanta's unmentionable discharge stations. We intended to paddle upstream like slaves for a couple of hours and then drift like royalty and fish our way back to the car. The river water is unusually cold because it comes from the deep water in the pool above the dam forming Lake Lanier. It's about as far south as you'll find trout. That spring morning the river was 20 to 25 degrees colder than the warm, moist air, enough of a difference to slam dunk the air well below the dew point and fill the river course with fog. Even the folks way out east in Maine would have called it "thick 'a fog." At times I couldn't even see Rosemarie in the bow of the 16' canoe.

We picked our way up the shallow, rocky river with me optimistically explaining the how the sun was going to burn off the fog at any minute and wandering off into an engineer's psychrometric chart reveries and a trout fisherman's dreams of voracious fish. After about two hours of poking and probing through the fog we were soaked and cold. For the umpteenth time we'd been grounded on unseen rocks and were planted there listening to the river flowing by unseen. Mutiny was in the air and I agreed to put the boat on the bank and build a fire.

I stood up to try to see which bank was closer and was nearly knocked down by the brilliant sunlight. Turns out the fog was hugging the surface of the river in a dense, but thin layer that filled the space between the two banks. Above it, the sky was clear blue and the sun was bright as could be. Since we were firmly grounded it was easy to stand without upsetting the boat and we spent about 15 minutes enjoying the scene. Imagine standing there in the bright sun on that bright, beautiful spring day with your head and shoulders floating on a river of thick, grey fog. It was like being in a climbing airplane that finally emerges from the clouds and provides a whole new vista.

I still think about what those two disembodied sets of heads and shoulders looked like sticking up above the fog bank. If we'd surfaced near someone fishing from the bank, we'd probably have startled them into coronary arrest.

Don Abrams, Ocean Springs, MS

Information of Interest...

Madison Released

The movie *Madison*, in which I had a small part (stunt man!) driving the Gold Cup hydroplane *Atlas Van Lines*, was released on April 22.

"*Madison* is a father-son action drama based on the inspiring true story of the tiny dying river town of Madison, Indiana, and its legendary, come-from-behind win in the 1971 race for the Gold Cup of racing. In addition to the thrills of 180mph hydroplane racing, the picture captures the spirit of small town America and its turbulent struggle to transition from the '60s to the '70s. Visit the official website www.madisonthemovie.com for more information."

It's a good family movie with no violence, sex, or bad language (guess it won't make it)!

Ernie King, Alexandria Bay, NY



Maritime Education Network, Inc.

The Maritime Education Network, Inc., is a non-profit organization engaged in promoting environmental awareness, personal growth, and historical perspective through education in and interaction with marine science, sailing, technology, and the exploration of Long Island Sound and its watershed.

Sound Connections selects a total of 250 young people from geographically and culturally diverse backgrounds and joins them together (free of charge) under the guidance of experienced professionals, allowing them to discover the world and themselves. The groups progress through educational stations during which they maintain personal maritime journals (equivalent to a ship's log) on microbiology, macro biology, seamanship and navigation, maritime history, and shipboard life.

The hands-on seamanship portion immerses students in the real world of vessel piloting, position plotting, chart and compass reading, sail handling, and knot tying, with strong parallel elements of nautical lore, local history, fisheries investigation, and habitat restoration.

Marine Discovery Program (for students in grades 1 through 4) is an introduction to Long Island Sound, its watershed, and the many varied species, that live there.

Boats, Beaches & Aquariums (for students in grades 8-12) is an environmental

group which is involved with sailing, trawling, fishing, building and restoring boats, engaging in habitat restoration, and learning about the ecosystems and the importance of preserving them for future generations.

Boat Building Interns (for students in middle and high school and adult community members) participate in traditional wooden boatbuilding and restoration in our boatshed.

Adult, Family, and Community Education includes the following programs:

Building a custom 7' spinning rod, skim board, Brockway fishing skiff, kayak, or other wooden vessel.

Learning set-up and maintenance of a saltwater aquarium, outboard mechanics, fly tying for salt water fishing, or the finer points of fishing.

Enjoying individualized on-water family explorations of local rivers and quiet tidal inlets.

Discovering the creatures of Long Island Sound through a touch tank as we set up and stock a saltwater aquarium in your child's classroom and after school programs and field trips to our facility.

Earning badges and patches in customized programs for Scouts and Brownies at our facility or on site.

A U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary flotilla office on premises offers classes in Boating Safety, with Personal Watercraft addendum for D.E.P. Safe Boating Certificate, Navigation, G.P.S. training, and others.

If you would like to learn more about Maritime Education Network, would like to tour our premises, or would be interested in volunteering or making a tax-deductible donation, please contact us.

Katharine David, Director, Maritime Education Network, Inc., 203 Ferry Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (860) 388-4180, Fax: (860) 388-4841, E-mail: maritime-edujuno.com

More on the Guinea Stick

Surely this is the same device described (but not so named) in Howard Chappelle's *Boatbuilding* on page 531 of the 1994 edition. In presenting several options for steering gear he writes, "Open powerboats are often steered from amidships or forward by a lever operating the rudder with wire or light rope attached to a yoke or quadrant on the rudder head." His book was first published in 1941 and I'd guess that such gear was once more popular than it seems to be now. I'd be interested to hear where it is in common use today.

Matt McGranaghan, 2916 Date St. #11-G, Honolulu, HI 96816.

Information Wanted...

Grumman Sailing Rig

I am still looking for any information on a sailing rig for the Grumman Sportboat. I guess most people use an outboard with this boat.

G. Scott Shepard, 591 Cedar St., Manchester, NH 03103

Opinions...

Case Studies in Leaning

I found the letter from Tom Papell ("There is Only One Pie", April 1), to be a

case study in how those who tend to lean towards the left side of the fence have very little understanding of economics. I noticed that he never mentioned the economic impact that building a large yacht (I hate the term "megayacht" almost as much as "eurostyle") has on the local community. In fact, building yachts, private jets, and mansions are some of the greatest re-distributors of wealth in the world.

What would all those fine craftsman who build these yachts do for a living without the evil rich and their expensive toys? Would the craftsman building the elaborate cabinetry on one of these yachts be content to build particle board, RTA furniture in a factory for the teaming masses? Would the expert welders be content to spend their lives doing high steel work, work that will be buried behind a wall, never to be seen? Would the artists and engineers who design these yachts be happy spending their lives designing toilets that don't use any water or commuter trains to carry herds of people to their mundane jobs?

As someone who makes his living designing boats, I can tell you that I wouldn't be happy spending my life trying to figure out how fast human waste will compost if I change the shape of the container or change the temp inside. Is it a job from which society can benefit? Certainly! But some of us just aren't wired that way.

The building of yachts, private jets, and mansions all require massive amounts of labor, labor provided by skilled workers. These skilled workers earn their living and support their families, as well as the families of the merchants, teachers, policeman, fireman, garbage collectors, street sweepers, doctors, nurses, etc., in their communities. If there were no yachts, would many of the skills these people possess exist any longer? Would society need a man who can cut a perfect dovetail when the drawers of the masses are held together with staples and glue?

I don't think *MAIB* should spend too much time on the yacht side of things, but the odd article now and again to show other sides of messing about is more than welcome to me. As for "how many kayaks it takes to counterbalance the impact of one megayacht," probably almost the entire year's production of our largest kayak builders added together. At least in economic terms!

Timm Smith, Smith Marine Design, Crystal River, FL

Editor Comments: I edited out more of Timm's political/economic views on the distribution of wealth in this country today, keeping the parts germane to the subject of megayachts as I do not intend the magazine to become a political discussion (argument?) forum. Suffice it for me to say that I found Timm's views, to paraphrase his own remark, "to be a case study in how those who tend to lean towards the right side of the fence have very little understanding of economics."

LED Trailer Lights

I hate to see the LED trailer lights get a bad name just because one writer, however brilliant and prolific, bought the Chinese variety from WalMart. We've installed at least a hundred that were made in the good old USA without one single failure and find that they are a great improvement over incandescent bulbs. I hope this doesn't spawn a

sequel to the "great plywood debate," but readers really ought to try a quality LED and decide for themselves.

We've gone on into LED running lights and are equally happy, although adapting them to the classic fixtures is sometimes a challenge.

Boyd Mefferd, Boyd's Boats, Canton, CT

Projects...

The Least I Can Do

I don't have a picture yet of the Steve Redmond Whisp that I built last year for one of my daughters, but I'll be sending one on to him (and you) soon. The boat has been wet only twice, once in November when I got the seats in, and a second time on Easter Sunday when we all went out for a brief, windy row.

I've built Phil Bolger's Big Dory (stretched Gull) that's named *Kelly Ann*. After all, if a woman's going to let me build a boat in the living/dining room, the least I can do is name it for her!

Sean Shanahan, Hull, MA

Progress Report on My Chebacco

When the loggers delivered our yearly load of firewood logs (these are logging truck length logs) they'd hidden in between the hardwood logs one pretty straight 6" diameter spruce log for me to whittle on, their little present to me. I'd at first thought it was knotless, but alas it is filled with tiny pinhole sized knots; it'll be fine for the boat. Knocked the bark off with a drawknife and then, aghast, watched the drying process produce ever enlarging cracks, so I ran a circular saw down it lengthwise, turned it over and did the same on the opposite side and had two halves. A large bit of planing brought these down to two, so far uncracked, planks that are drying in the barn loft.

Bolger calls for a boom that is 2-1/2" oblong and so the lively afterlife for this lucky log is settled. The advice received so far suggests that end-for-ending one plank and gluing the two halves back together will get me a warp free boom. On top of that I'm thinking of a 4mm or 1/8" marine ply flitch down the center for some extra bend resistance. Solid wood for the boom of a gaff rig or, as a fellow Chebacco sailor says, hollow wood (sailor's head) to solid wood (boom) is the way to go. Will send you a couple of photos when I get pieces together and shaped.

Had the Massachusetts Environmental Police here to inspect the hull and assign it a hull number. I'm beginning the hopefully not too arduous task of getting the boat registered and titled. It lightened the remaining workload to sit in the boat's cockpit under the barn roof with the officer and talk about its various numbers and such. You'd better believe, though, that a name for registration would be the right sort of blessing rather one more number in the Commonwealth's statistical collection. Can you imagine Ishmael aboard a numbered Pequod?

Dick Burnham, Cummington, MA

About *Cinderella*

Thank you for publishing "Narragansett Bay on an American Classic" by Sharon Brown, who so nicely evoked the pleasures and rich context of a day's sailing in Rhode Island. The piece came as a surprise to me,

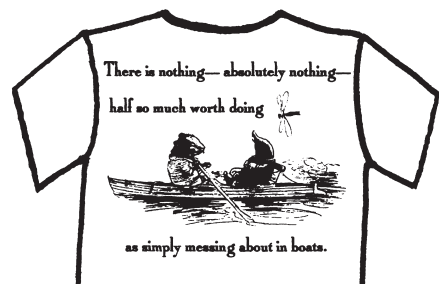
and I would have supplied her with photographs of *Cinderella* under sail and notes on her extensive repairs over the past 20 years. As you know, it takes more than a wave of the fairy godmother's wand to restore an aging classic.

In 1986, Alden Trull at the Concordia office provided me prints of Ray Hunt and Bill Harris' original drawings for *Cinderella*. With these in hand, Tom Wolstenholm and his crew at Rivendell Marine, Melville, Rhode Island, replaced nearly all her frames and floor timbers, leaving just a few sets at stem and stern, then fitted new mahogany covering boards, recovered the deck, and replanked the cabin top. The mahogany hull planking (original, except for repairs on the port side) now refastened was caulked as needed, faired and painted.

After this two winter's work (1990-91), *Cinderella* was towed across the bay to Wickford harbor where George Zachorne installed a new 2-cylinder Westerbeke diesel with a folding propeller and rebuilt the cockpit and interior following the Harris drawings. Rotten ends of the cockpit sole revealed the pattern of the original planking. Most of her old equipment and hardware remains, including the 48' mast and spliced wire rigging. Five years ago Thurston cut her a new set of sails. Two years ago I replaced the sliding hatch and installed Concordia-style berths.

Perhaps we will sail *Cinderella* to Mystic Seaport this summer if we can ever leave Narragansett Bay.

Will Cumber, Wakefield, RI



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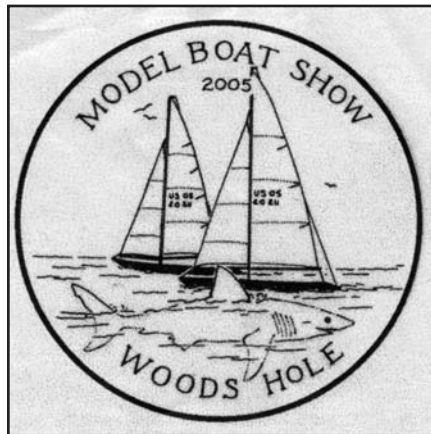
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Ellsworth Rice makes half models as a retirement business. We found him in a corner of the Old Firehouse in Woods Hole at the 2005 Woods Hole Model Boat Show on April 16, his half models on display amongst an eclectic mix of other ship models. Gesturing at the surrounding displays and quietly chatting participants and onlookers, Ellsworth commented, "This is the way it oughta be." He does three shows a year, Maine Boatbuilders in March, Maine Boats & Harbors in summer, and this one. Unlikely as he was to secure a commission from the crowd of model boat aficionados, Ellsworth was here because he just enjoyed being amongst kindred spirits.

Woods Hole is a tiny community at the southwestern tip of Cape Cod, and its claim to fame is that it is home for the world renowned Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute. The four-mile road leading to it down in the corner of sprawling Falmouth was lined with lovely woodlands and occasional old Cape Cod gray weathered shingled homes, nary a megahome or gated community in sight. One of the women of the Woods Hole Historical Society, sponsors of the show, told me that was because all that land

Woods Hole



Model Boat Show

By Bob Hicks

was owned by the Institute. The Cape is such a godawful sprawl of gated communities of megahomes now that this came as a pleasant surprise.

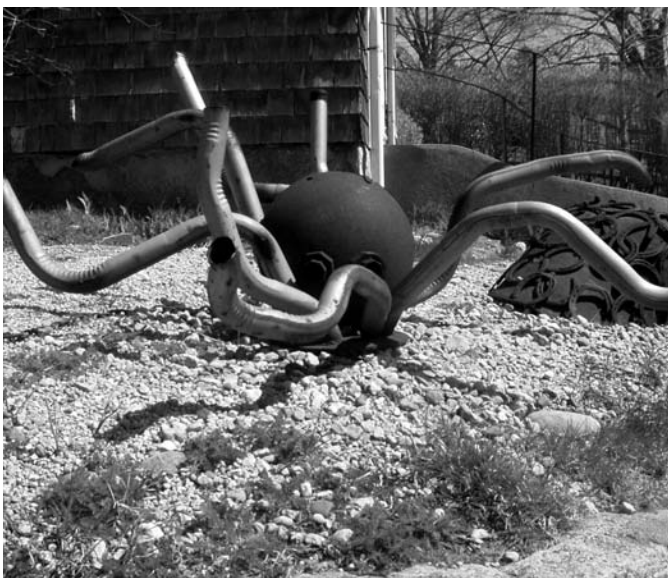
This was the fifth annual show since its founding ten years ago, and while the reason for a community historical society undertaking to organize a model boat show was not explained to me, they seem to have succeeded, with a well set up show involving several older downtown buildings and Institute facilities.

Parking was conveniently located just as one entered the village. From there one walked to the Woods Hole Historic Museum and its attendant shop (static models), thence onward to the Library (static models), the Eel Pond (R/C sailing demos), the Community Hall (static models and sales), the Old Firehouse (static models), the Institute Tow Tank (submarine demos), the MBL Club (static models and appraisals), and the Candle House (lectures), all within a quarter mile on the village main street.

We did all but the lectures, not being that interested in model boats. What follows are some views of the models that caught my eye.



Sign in the "shed" adjacent to the Historical Society Museum. Not connected with the show, these welded up rusty steel lawn sculptures caught my fancy while walking through greater downtown Woods Hole, especially the "horseshoe" crab. Creative use of exhaust pipes formed the octopus and an old farm spike harrow formed the basis for the crab.

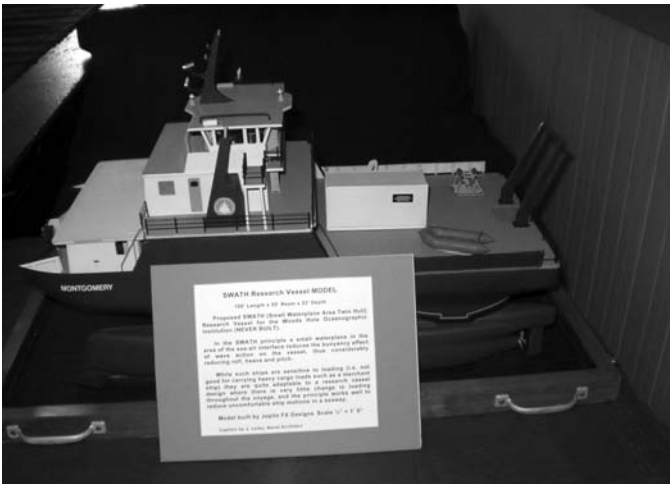




Three “skippers” at the helms of their mini-yachts as they reach for the finish line on Eel Pond.



Appraisers were at work for those wishing to learn the value of their models.



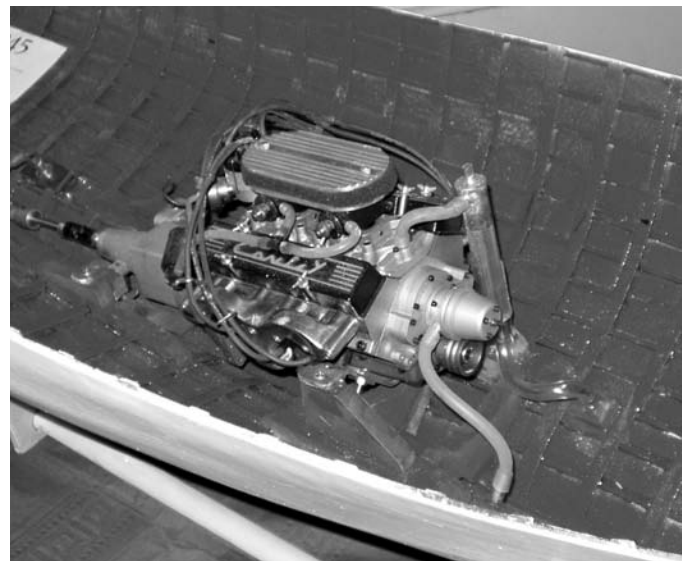
A model of one of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute’s research vessels featured a trimaran hull structure designed to provide stability in seas while carrying on undersea research.



A cargo of packing “peanuts” was not fully unloaded prior to this ship of the line going on display.

I asked the woman tending the submariners’ display where the reactor was in this model of a Russian atomic sub. Attempts to operate the subs in the Institute’s test tank were unsuccessful as the tank, being only 5’ wide, did not permit any turning of the 4’+ models in its 50’ length. Viewing through the glass sides would have been excellent.

This miniature Pontiac OHV V-8 fires right up and will drive this hull when completed.





Chanty, a William Atkin schooner built in 1927, still sails from near-by Vineyard Haven. The hull of this model, along with the early 1858 clipper ship *Volante* below, were built of paper.



Workboats were well in evidence, here a dredge with cabin tops off to reveal the internal workings of the motor and winch.

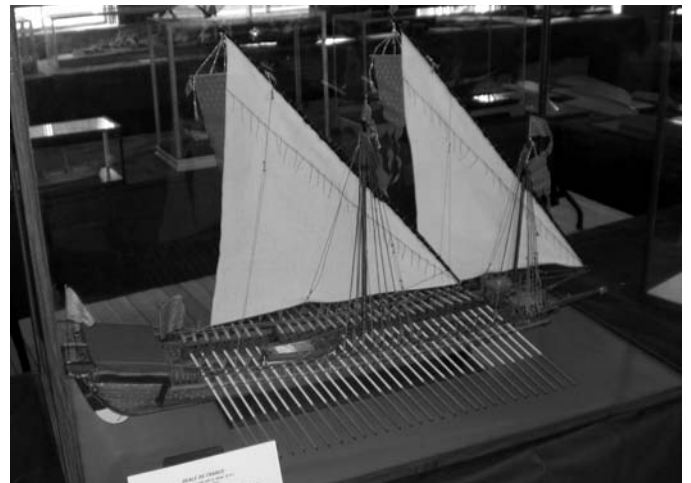


Jane's favorite model was this action scene of dory fishermen at work.

Some more workboats gathered in one display. In foreground is a coastal lighter with a load of coal. The larger vessel is a tug.



Not an ancient Greek galley, the *Reale de France* was a French king's yacht in the early 19th century.





Two of Dick Newick's trimaran designs frame a more traditional keel centerboarder half hull model.



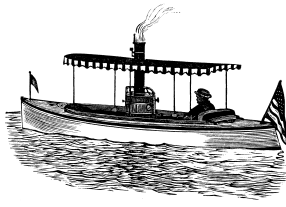
A lovely Nantucket whaleboat.



The New England Dreadnought Flotilla is part of the International R/C Warship Combat Club, a group dedicated to mock battles between 1:144 scale (more or less) model warships dating 1905-1946. A close look at the models revealed somewhat rough looking topsides, it turned out that the hulls must be built of soft penetrable balsa wood for the .170" BBs fired from CO2 cannons to be able to penetrate. Some of the battle scarred display models had lotsa patches on them. Flotilla commander (?) Don Fisher's aircraft carrier was fitted out with B25 bombers ala the Jimmy Doolittle Tokyo raid of 1942. Don allowed as how the whole squadron of two dozen or so made the carrier too top heavy so only four were on deck. If you have an itch for R/C combat contact Don at <defisher@comcast.net>.



When & If, WWII General George S. Patton Jr.'s yacht, is now on Martha's Vineyard in possession of Gannon & Benjamin. I enjoyed regaling bystanders viewing this model of her with the apocryphal tale of how the schooner went on the rocks a while back in the Manchester, Massachusetts, harbor during a fall storm. Patton, who was killed in an auto accident shortly after the end of the war in Germany, never got to enjoy his yacht, hence the name. *When & If* was donated to the Landmark School for learning disabilities in nearby Beverly Farms with a proviso that it never be sold. Eventually it became known that the school was entertaining offers for the schooner, so when that storm came up, the General reached all the way down (or up?) from wherever his spirit rested and undid the mooring shackle so she would never be sold. Gannon & Benjamin bought the remains anyway and did a superb restoration job on her.



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Woods Hole Model Boat Show

By Paul Ferris Smith

The Woods Hole Historical Museum, sponsors of the biennial Woods Hole Model Boat Shows, is very pleased to offer all its activities without charge. This includes entrance to the museum, participation in the Outreach Program in Small Boat Restoration, Craft Workshops, and a variety of other programs. As a consequence, museum operations depend upon membership fees and fundraising events.

A little over a decade ago I was attending a Wooden Boat Show at Mystic Seaport when I said, "We could do all this for model boats." I could see it as a friend-maker as well as a fundraiser. The museum board accepted this idea and thus was born the First Biennial Woods Hole Model Boat Show in 1995.

The unique maritime village of Woods Hole lends itself perfectly to this idea. Not only is it relatively small, but the atmosphere is maritime and there are three major marine scientific institutions with facilities right there on the main street. They willingly lent

their support to this event. The Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution has a glass-sided research tow tank suited to demonstrate radio controlled model submarines. The Marine Biological Laboratory has a building a short walk down the main street where models can be exhibited and another used for lectures and classes excellent for workshops, demonstrations, and talks. The National Marine Fisheries also exhibited models of historic fishing vessels. Other models are displayed in various village buildings.

The primary exhibits are housed in the Community Hall, main and lower rooms, in an old Fire Station next door and, of course, in the Woods Hole Historical Museum, its Small Boat Museum, and on both floors of its parent organization, the Woods Hole Library.

From the very beginning the show was designed to attract all ages. Adjacent to the downtown is the inner harbor, Eel Pond, where model sailboat races are held and radio-controlled sailboats demonstrated. The museum is especially grateful to the Vintage Model Yacht Group for organizing these races in which participants come from all over New England and beyond. These are most professionally conducted and suitable prizes awarded.

Another sailing venue is a temporary pool erected on the museum lawn. Here other radio-controlled boats are operated and little sailboats are sailed by children. These boats are made by the children in the museum workshop, putting together kits (from Seaworthy Small Ships) that sail beautifully.

More adult workshops are conducted throughout the two days on Plank-on-Frame Model Building, Radio-Controlled Techniques, Putting Ships in Bottles, the History of Model Building as, for example, during the Great Depression, and so forth. These subjects vary from show to show.

The Woods Hole Model Boat Shows always have a musical component. Starting off on Saturday morning the Brian Boru Pipe

Band pipes and marches down the main street from the museum to the laboratory buildings. At noon on Saturday the Greater Falmouth Mostly All Male Men's Chorus performs in the Community Hall. They have participated at every show. This year, in addition, the New Bedford Harbor Sea Chantey Chorus performed on the second day. Show attendees both saw a model boat show and heard two concerts!

Weather would seem to be an important factor in the success of this show, yet a howling nor'easter at the time of the very first show didn't seem to discourage people at all. Security, protection of all the valuable models, has always been a priority with the museum organizers. The first year volunteers slept overnight in every venue. Some of these had it good with video in the library, others heard the creaking pipes of the Community Hall sound like intruders, and others were wakened by revelers departing local establishments at closing time. Now professional armed guards patrol the area during the night.

Of course, none of this would be possible without the generous participation of model boat builders and enthusiasts. The come from all over, there to talk with visitors about their models, and share ideas with other modelers.

It has become a friend-making fundraiser. Execution of the show requires a commitment by a large number of volunteers from the museum board and local membership. Invitations are sent out. A plan of the show layout is computer-generated for each model location. Every show venue must be secured by someone at all times. Publicity must be produced and distributed. Tables are borrowed from a number of local churches on which to exhibit the models. Signs are made and erected to advertise and inform visitors, etc., etc. This year coordination of all this and more was done by a MBS committee headed by the Museum Executive Director, Jennifer Gaines.

"Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessings of the Lord" (Deut 16:16)

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Backyard Boat Show

By George Spragg

We have a member in our boat club (CROPC, the Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club) who is a compulsive boatbuilder. Dave McCullough, retired geologist and avid sailor, returned home to Connecticut after 30 years away on the West Coast and built his home on the family homestead in Old Lyme. Included was a workshop that would make any boatbuilder eat his heart out. He started his first boat in 1993 and now has over 17 boats under his belt, in addition to a couple built for our club. He has also assisted in a youth boatbuilding program.

Last October I asked Dave to round up all his boats and display them in his yard. He agreed to a Saturday/Sunday showing. I contacted all the members of the two local chapters of the TSCA (Traditional Small Craft Association) and any other small boat people in the area I could think of, including Mystic Seaport people.

We had a great turnout with cameras clicking and Dave's brain a picking. I felt it was about time to put Dave "on the map" for small craft people. We had a great time doing it.

A report on the gathering written by club member Jon Stratton and subsequently featured in the local *Main Street News* follows:



18'6" Kingston lobster boat, strip planked, modified sail rig, lines taken from Howard Chappelle.



13'7" Swampscott sailing dory skiff designed by John Gardner.

13'6" Bue Jay one design by Sparkman & Stevens.



12' trimaran, modification of a Hughes design.

13'6" strip planked Melonseed





16' Whitehall pulling boat, fiberglass hull with wood scantlings.



19' crabbing skiff, plywood/fiberglass, designed by Ruell Parker.

Rightness of Design, Execution, and Use Elevates His Small Craft To Art Form

By John Stratton

From *Main Street News*, October 18, 2004



Jon Persson, president of the Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club chapter, presented Dave with an citation from chapter members that honored him for "Exemplary Leadership in the Design, Design Interpretation, and Meticulous Construction of Classic Small Craft." "David has been an inspiration to all of us," said Persson, "and he was of great help as the club built its fleet of open-water rowing boats. He always looks for new ways to make designs useful. Instead of just copying designs of 100 years ago, he improves upon them."

Like most artists, he is reluctant to speak of his motivations. Unlike most artists, he is eager to discuss, indeed to teach, his craft and pass along his skills. At the request of friends, Dave McCullough of Old Lyme, Connecticut, had set out 13 of his creations on the lawns around his Old Lyme home on the weekend of October 16-17, 2004. Each object had, sharp-eyed critics agreed, a "rightness" about it, the work of the insight, creativity, and hands of an artist over decade's worth of evolution. He grew up in Old Lyme and returned to town ten years ago after having worked for some 30 years as a coastal and marine geologist with the U.S. Geological Survey in the San Francisco area.

The 13 small rowing, paddling, and sailing boats Dave has designed, reinterpreted, and built appear almost wholly "traditional." Over the weekend, several dozen of his friends and fellow watermen dropped by to see the core of Dave's collection and diversity that they had suspected but never glimpsed in its entirety. Because each vessel was created around a function dictated to some degree by the implacable physics of water, wind, and moving current, "improvement" is usually approached in humility, in an act of homage to their design themes, and obeisance to the maritime masters of past decades and centuries.

Dave concurs wholeheartedly. "This is my dream book," he says, fetching a very-well-thumbed and pencil-annotated 1951 edition of *American Small Sailing Craft* by Howard I. Chappelle. The book con-



19' Melonseed reloffed to 17' then stretched to 19'.

tains dozens of "lines" and plans for classic traditional vessels and a commentary which has made the book a small boat Bible to generations of students.

Over Dave's shoulder on his north lawn rested a Kingston Lobster Boat, an 18-1/2' sailboat suited to working shallow waters. It was originally designed by Edward Ransome. Dave explained that he'd taken the lines drawings from the Chappelle book and had them greatly enlarged, and then began the interpreting and building process. The expression of those two-dimensional lines is a brand new boat, cutter-rigged with gaff mainsail, two foresails, and movable bowsprit.

At first glance it is thoroughly traditional. But second, third, fourth, and more examinations reveal detail modifications, personal touches, and several fundamental construction changes which give the boat new lightness while preserving toughness. Nor did Dave, as its builder-redesigner take any easy way out: curves meet curves, details have details, straight lines have shallow arches and bends that join gracefully and logically.

So how does she sail?

"Just finished her," Dave remarked with an apologetic smile. "Hasn't even been in the water yet."

That is not the case with his other vessels, which are used regularly. Though 13 were on display, at least that many more are in Connecticut as collaborations with amateurs who sought his hands-on advice. And out in California there are at least six more. All are being used. None are "trailer queens," rolled out to impress and then to be put away for the next showing.

Other vessels include a John Gardner-designed sailing dory, a sleek, very high-tech single-seat trimaran, three double-paddle canoes, a classic Bluejay sailboat, a Whitehall rowing boat which he brought back east with him from California, two interpretations of the 19th-century Melonseed sailing workboat of southern New Jersey, a Chesapeake Bay crabbing skiff, and a seemingly dumpy and pedestrian 8' dinghy pram. Even the latter has a subtle turn of mind.

Its owner, Dave's friend Max Greenwood, an engineer from Manhattan who is a frequent collaborator on small craft projects, says that the dinghy was designed to enable him to easily manage it aboard his Herreshoff sailboat in the Connecticut River. "From an engineer-

ing point of view," he said, "it's really very daring. Once on Block Island some people were watching me carry it from a dinghy rack to the landing and then fling it into the water. They were amazed. Of course, they didn't realize that it weighed only 35 pounds!" The pram is built of light "doorskin" and derives its stiffness from subtle curves and strategically placed reinforcements. Greenwood says that it is dry and stable, even with three adults aboard.

To Dave, the best design is not a fixed, platonic form. There is always a new wrinkle, a new material which can bend the rules, and move the art to another plane. A case in point is Dave's version of a Swampscott sailing dory skiff designed by wooden boat guru John Gardner. For his many years at Mystic Seaport Museum, Gardner was an exponent of the virtues of traditional craft and their preservation in form and function and the maintenance of the traditional construction skills. But Gardner did not necessarily dislike fiberglass and modern materials which had begun to emerge in his latter years, even if he was often critical of the design inelegance of mass production boats. In his own designs, though, he was not wholly certain of the new materials' durability. So, in the case of the

dory, his original design called for a light exterior hull but heavy interior structure.

Dave, with the benefit of decades of experience as well as his own innovation, fabricated stiff, glass-sandwich ribbing on the interior hull, lighter and stronger than heavy strips of solid oak. Dave believes that Gardner would approve.

In contrast to the Yankee-like dory, two of the canoes, designed to be paddled in kayak fashion, are ultralights with skins of taut Dacron™. One, modified from the Platt Montfort Snowshoe, is reinforced with a geodesic web of Kevlar™. The other skin boat is a bit shorter and eliminates the Kevlar™ web. Each can easily be lifted with one hand.

Another traditional decked canoe was designed by Jon Persson of Old Saybrook. The Aurelia-class boat has several brothers and sisters in the area, some skinned with Dacron™, others with wood. David's variation is an elegant glued-lapstrake design with arched decks and cleverly fastened hatch covers.

On a larger scale, his stretched Melonseed variant, which he jokes is a "Super Seed," is dedicated with a bronze name plaque to his late wife, Jean.

Visitor Peter Vermilya, curator of the

Mystic Seaport Museum collection of some 450 small craft, used a Down East expression in his praise. "This is the finest kind," he said. "Dave takes the workboat and makes a yacht out of it. What I like is that he is not a person of one mindset. His boats are all usable, craftsmanlike creations and not precious. They are part of the best traditions of American small craft."

Two local chapters of the Traditional Small Craft Association (TSCA) were also present over the weekend, eyeballing David's innovation and artistry.

Rob Pittaway, a designer and next year's president of the John Gardner TSCA chapter in Groton, Connecticut, observed that Dave's work was almost "too good to comment on. It's amazing to see the effort that has gone in to each of these boats," he said. "They sail, row, or paddle, they are a lot different in design and construction, and they are all beautifully executed."

David readily acknowledges that his boats are intellectual exercises as well as a construction projects. "I try to build no two boats the same way. That's my part in doing this, it's so I learn."

But surely, he must have a favorite? "They are all my children," he says with a twinkle in his eye. "They are all unique."



Dave, at left, discusses some of the finer points of his latest small craft creation, a Kingston lobster boat, with Peter Vermilya, curator of the 450-vessel collection of small boats at the Mystic Seaport Museum. Dave's hand-built boats are often elegant variations on classic small craft for sail, oar, or paddle.



Dave in his Old Lyme shop with patterns for the molds for his most recent vessel, a Kingston lobster boat. The patterns contain all of the hull-shape information for an actual-size vessel. "Just add water and stir," quips David.

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I wish you could have known Jean Ramaley. He was made of rare stuff. At the time I went to work for him in 1921 as an apprentice, he was skipper of the biggest and busiest boat shop between Detroit and Seattle. He was neither tall nor imposing, I think dumpy is the right word. He was about 45, had very blue eyes from which sparkled raw intelligence, and his nose reminded one of a Bactrian camel; he had a breath to match it. He believed in the nine-hour day, baldness and dandruff, and he was committed to a number of other beliefs such as abhorrence of soap, the 54-hour week, wages of 40 cents an hour, and white cedar planking if not over \$90 per thousand board feet. He had furious energy and was a great salesman. It is still my feeling that at that time his shop was out-producing the C.C. Smith Boat Company of Algonac, the firm owned by Chris Smith and his sons which later became Chris Craft.

Ramaley maintained a benevolent stewardship toward his crew, whose wages, come each Saturday, he managed to dig up out of fragments chipped from the stony bank accounts of flinthearted wealthy customers who generally were past due. The payroll was always there, but his preoccupation with it often brought on a detachment which found him unaware of surrounding realities. He had been known to stroll off the offshore end of a dock after bringing in a boat. At one other time, probably worrying about high costs and the failure of his crew to watch details, he had driven into the shop with a truckload of lumber without first opening the shop doors. When reality caved in on him, as it sometimes did, his cussing soared to virtuosity. It was the profanity of a provoked Sunday school teacher, which is the kind that blisters paint.

He was born Jean, not Gene, and he carried the feminine name for a most peculiar reason. His mother had wanted a girl and had prepared the traditional pink layette. You can imagine the feelings of Mrs. Ma Ramaley when her baby arrived equipped with an out-board bilge bailer instead of a centerboard trunk as ordered. This caused her to raise Jean as a little pink lady until he was old enough to battle out of the fix. I was told this had happened before to Mrs. Ma Ramaley and that Jean's older brother, Florence, had been similarly processed. Perhaps half this

Halcyon Days

Part 5

Weston Farmer

story is true and the other half may be exaggerated. But it is fact that both men were darned good scrappers and that they became Big Operators.

Jean's older brother established a large baking firm. Jean bought out the plant of the old and famous Moore Boat Works when Roy Moore, who had come to Wayzata in 1880 during steamboat building days, had bugged out of the boatbuilding game, darned fool, and had, about 1909, established an auto distributorship that sold something called a Ford Model T. Thereafter, Roy Moore made frequent trips to the Wayzata State Bank with a black satchel full of cash instead of his former banking equipment of kneeling pad and tin cup. Jean Ramaley was left with those tools. Their proper use was what preoccupied him.

Now that Father Time has cracked many a walnut on my once boyish mug, I can look back and understand the pressures that made Old Jean so elliptical. It was a case of "uneasy lies the head that wears the crown" in so notoriously a feast-or-famine game as is the building and selling of boats. Ramaley was a most decent man, a man who ran the whole show in an era long before the present organizational penchant for Vice Presidents in Charge of Left-Hand Threads. I think his persistent use of advertising, good times and bad, sustained him. "Cut out advertising and you're dead," I once heard him say. "It's the only way to get new cash."

I thank Old Jean's memory for the comedy he supplied and for the chance he gave me to learn from doing. He took a shine to anyone who worked hard at building his boats, which I did until I left to study naval architecture at Ann Arbor. Ramaley is remembered today (1975) by thousands who had boat dealings with him, and oddly, it is always with a chuckle.

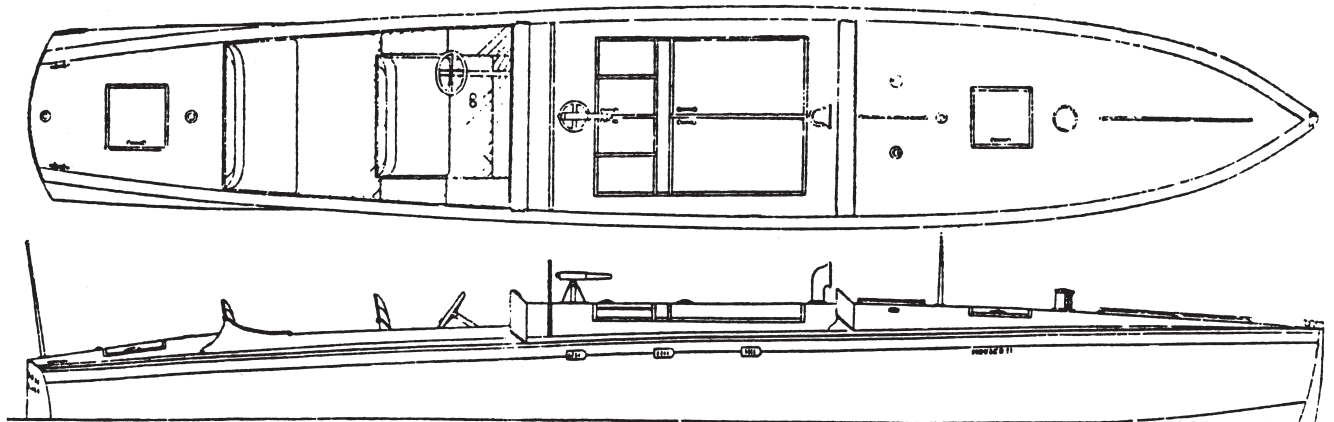
The Ramaley shop output fell naturally into line with local market demand. The plant's prestige product was the V-bottom "Gentleman's Runabout." These were powered by Van Blercks, or Sterlings, and an occasional very fast boat boasted a Hall-Scott 200hp LM-6. Generally a smaller 22' or 25' boat with a Capitol-Buda conversion of 60hp would be a "price fighter" at around \$1,500, but a 25' runabout with a Capitol-Curtiss OX-5 90hp converted airplane engine could be bought for \$2,500. These boats were preferred by the residents of stature in Ramaley's trade area.

Long round-bilged runabouts in the 35' range, powered by the big 10lbs/hp marine engines, had given way to the cheaper and lighter, hence faster, V-bottoms. Ramaley had custom built a couple of big mahogany V-bottom beauties before I went to work there. One was *Tribune*, a 35' George and Ab Crouch design of concave V-bottom form powered with a 135hp Model F, 6-cylinder Sterling. She was finished bright, like a Steinway, with cream-colored canvas decks. She was a gleaming gem.

Another, based on the drooling envy created by *Tribune*, was a larger 44' version named *Mouser II*, built for Senator George Harding of Illinois. This was one of the first boats to be powered with one of Joe Van Blerck's 600hp V-12 monsters. This drove *Mouser II* at 44mph, fancy stepping for those days. *Mouser's* designer, Philip Little, Jr., still lives near me, sharp at 91.

Most of the smaller V-bottom designs were amiably swiped by Ramaley from a design originally purchased from Wm. H. Hand, Jr., then peerless in the field with his Hand V-Bottom development. Lest readers feel that the notorious thieving among designers is a modern phenomenon, I can assure you it is not. Improvement in running

Mouser II, a 44' V-bottom runabout was built by the Ramaley shop for Senator George Harding of Illinois. Designed by Philip Little, Jr., she was one of the first boats to be powered with a Van Blerck 600hp V12 engine, which could push this stiletto at 44 mph.



characteristics from one boat to another was researched by padding the molds here and there, snipping off a little at another place. Very scientific.

These runabouts were of simple cedar planking, built without sawn frames or seam battens, screwed in some places and nailed at others over 3/4"x1-1/4" white oak frames. That the 5/8" planking stayed tight is probably due to the long 2" by molded depth engine bed stringers. These were good boats.

As I recall it, they were built at a rate of about one boat a month. This portion of the Ramaley shop was the royal end of the shop heirarchy, presided over by a sedate older man from Maine named Matt Thayer who had come west from Herreshoff's at Bristol, Rhode Island. His team partners were Fred Lund, who had apprenticed at Luders, and a most unusual man named John Redeen, a wizard wood cutter whose corpus resembled a cadaver and who seldom cracked a smile. He had a dry wit that delivered a quip without a laugh, punctuating the delivery with a sepulchral, "Heh, heh, heh," to let you know he wasn't delivering a doomsday sermon.

Next down the line of boatshop output were the Ramaley rowboats, which were less in dollar value than the runabouts but far higher in numbers sold. These were simple gig-sterned rowboats of lapstraked 1/4" cedar, seven strakes to a side. They were sold in what seemed like fleets, because six to 15 of them left the shop each six-day week. They were "listed" at \$36 to \$40 (the additional \$4 was for mahogany trim) and they were built by piecework payment.

In the building of these boats, I was teamed with a derelict Irishman by the name of Dean Leaman, who had been weaned on Jim Beam or Old Grandad or lemon extract, whichever he could promote. Dean would work on one side of the boat and I on the other. The molds were upright, three in number, plumbed and horned to overhead beams. We turned out three of these boats every 18 hours or every two working days of nine hours each. The planking came pre-cut from the shop mill, needing only beveling, and the transoms, stems, and keels were also machine cut up in the mill. It was really a nailing contest. We got paid \$8 per boat for planking, \$4 for framing out, and \$4 for trim, which included seats, breasthooks, and gun-wales.

Dean, who was 20 years older than I, had been building lapstrake rowboats all his life and, drunk or sober, was a buzz-saw to keep up with, never making a false move. It was go-to-hell-and-sweat WORK! The \$16 per boat was split between us. Dean made me EARN it. My end was \$8 for a finished boat, or between \$48 if we had a six-boat week, and \$72 if we nailed up nine. The \$48 weeks were more frequent than the \$72 weeks because big money like this was often too much for Dean, who would go on a sure-fire toot every Sunday and then be unable to get up rolling speed until about Tuesday noon.

Dean, drunk or sober, was a natural clown who, in his prime, had graduated from Shattuck Military Academy but who had gone wrong on the bottle before I knew him. He used to send me over to the local store for lemon extract which, in my innocence, I presumed was legitimate essence to be poured into the steam boxes for softening the frames. The place certainly smelled alcoholic all the time.

To be Continued

Astonishing the Natives

By William Harnden Foster



"As we circled around two old salts, with an exceptional burst of speed we fairly flew. They greatly appreciated our performance."



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Among ourselves we always referred to him as Dr. Bob or Dr. Booth. To his face he was Bob or Doc, on the phone, Sport, and, on occasion, dressed up, Squire. I tended to think of him as Ould Bob, after those wise, kindly movie heros of my childhood. These fellows, usually Scotch or Irish, dealt even-handedly with wayward sheep, foolish children, and vile villains, bringing everything to a heart tugging, happy conclusion.

By turns elegant and humble, erudite and plain spoken, he was a self-confessed old fart. He must have been the high side of 70 when I first met him at one of the early Mid Atlantic Small Craft Meets. He had a Steve Redmond Elver berthed alongside the long boat shed at St. Michaels Maritime Museum. He thought that she was only the second one built and had had her at the Small Boat Show at Newport earlier.

Before the day was out we were well acquainted and he had ordered up a Pickle hull. Bob had always been a power boater and in later years he had pushed off some of his veterinary practice on younger fellows. This gave him ample time to cruise a miniature lobster boat with those old 55 horse Homelites on the transom.

Mention anyplace on the upper east coast or Canada, including canals, and he would give you the details of the area. The building of the Elver was precipitated by his wife Doris' choosing to go ashore and devote herself to her flowers and the house. Bob said it was just no fun driving around by himself.

Not long after, Bob showed up at the our old Virginia place to get his Pickle hull. After getting it secure with a cats cradle of lines he discovered the he couldn't get the doors open. Nothing daunted, he clambered in through a window. He credited this athletic ability to weekly sessions of Jazzercise with a class of mostly youngish ladies. The idea resonates with me. I met the athletic requirement at college and saved a long hike to the gym and getting all sweaty by signing up for square dance.

Some time later Janis and I visited the Booth place at Middleburg, Virginia. Bob and Doris had settled there in the Model T days and started a practice, mostly cows, mules, and draft horses in those days. Bob was a doctor of working animals. He would look at a client's sheep dog but no lapdogs, cats, or turtles. He once opined that he thought that cats were for to run over in the road, more, I think, to needle my wife than out of real animosity.

With time the cows and real horses faded away, to be replaced by fancy horses, big estates, and landed gentry. As times changed, he kept up with the latest developments and was called upon by the rich and famous to look after their prize horseflesh. He was asked to judge dressage and other horsey affairs. He loved a good show but disdained cutting tendons to make tails stand up, and other artificialities.

Bob could handle the Elver by himself but launching was a chore and it's often nice to have company when cruising, so I sometimes sailed with him. The cabin was pretty cozy and the bunk barely adequate, but no trial to good-natured types. My fastidiousness, never obsessive according to my wife, has decayed with age so I can appreciate Bob's approach to housing. Everything was done with the despatch and efficiency of long practice, but there were a few shortcuts and less than laboratory standards.

Farewell Doctor Bob

By Jim Thayer



Bob at helm of Limpet.

Nonetheless, we never suffered for it and the food was good. The weird little alcohol stove turned out traditional stuff; eggs and scrapple, coffee with canned milk, and unevenly browned toast from one of those little racks over the flame. I had to bring the butter, for he, of all people, had fallen into the heresy of oleo.

I used to go with a friend to eat breakfast at a cafeteria on "the hill" at Boulder. One had a choice of a small pat of butter or a much larger pat of oleo. John once averred that he would go for lard if it was a bigger gob. Reminds me of during the war when you got a bag of oleo containing an orange capsule which was to be squeezed and kneaded to produce a bag of yellow gunk. We soon acquired a cow, Minnie, a coal black purebred Jersey with a brown face, and our squeezing took a different turn. That solved the butter dilemma and led to the five gallons of honey for fruit canning, a never acquired taste. Forgive me. I tend to latch on to an idiosyncrasy and worry it to death. Never mind why people buy fancy imported beer and then smear tasteless plastic on their bread. Older folk tend to be frugal and so wind up hydrogenated.

On this memorable trip I have in mind we were sailing the Corrotomen, a spacious, high banked river off the Rappahannock just above Irvington, Virginia. We had worked up the western prong of the Western Branch, against a light breeze almost to the Rt. 3 bridge when Bob elected to go below for a nap. I puttered on for a while but, getting hemmed in, turned and ran back SE to take the port hand eastern prong. In the old days there was shipping all the way to Lancaster Courthouse, but it has long since silted and now there is only swamp above the bridge.

Bob came on deck so I gave him the tiller and settled back in the small cockpit to enjoy the scenery and the birds while we eased along. As the banks closed in, Bob wondered if we should turn back. The bridge was still a good way off but I allowed that any time would be good. The words still hung in the air as we bumped to a stop, the motor apparently hung on a log.

Bob always worried me because he tended to move precipitously. Deciding to go someplace, he would launch off so that his feet had to hurry to catch up. In our current extremity he literally leapt over the side to push off. Instantly the boat, relieved of his weight, took off, leaving Bob waist deep in what turned out to be a little water and bottomless gunk. I told him to stand fast and tacked ship. I didn't make it, nor the next

time. Quickly checking the bulkhead read-out, I heaved the anchor, and grabbing two long cockpit cushions, headed back to the rescue.

I found him sitting on a tussock by the muddy bank looking like a fugitive from a fancy spa or a minstrel show. We paddled back to the boat and climbed aboard, looking very much like our brothers from the Dark Continent. We dared not touch the sails, but got the motor going and the anchor up, by which time the place was a disaster.

We stripped off our clothes and began pulling up buckets of water to rinse the bods and boat, but with imperfect results. The mud, black as soot, possessed some molecular capillarity which enabled it to creep right back where it had been sluiced away. At length we found a secluded pool where we anchored for the night and did some really serious swabbing and swimming.

Apparently we had been in a thin layer of water over black organic muck with the consistency of cream soup. Black scum crept out of the cracks and corners for the rest of the season.

Next morn was overcast muggy warm with the sense of foreboding such weather often engenders. We blew down the Western Branch, past the cable ferry, gybed over at the oyster house, and trundled steadily along up the Eastern Branch. At the narrows we had to stem the tide and weren't making much way till a blast of wind gave us a shove. There soon followed buckets of rain, a deluge lashed with lightning, but warm. We reached up Bell's Creek to the home pier, chortling all the way. The good times cruising brighten with time while the mundane fade away. But seeming disasters and misery grow to become one's fondest memories.

The cabin at Bell's Creek was built of used flooring, used roofing, and ten sheets of ply. Hardly a board was cut, the idea being that all could be salvaged when the real house was built. It had two tiers of bunks on two sides and a loft. It would sleep ten or 12 people and kids, until, that is, the squirrels got into the mattresses in the loft. There was a small air-tight tin stove and we used it spring and fall until the snow came. A wet snow garnished forest hugging the banks, with mist rising from the water, a leaden sky and the oars dipping ever so slowly can make for a magical scene. It's not at all like trudging the same stretch ashore.

Bob, the Englands, and the Muirs were often visitors. As the place became a heavy use area there arose a clamor for proper facilities, if you know what I mean. Steven had such a great time digging a hole in the firm sand that we had to call a halt before he disappeared. Bob fabricated a lovely glassed bench with two different-sized apertures to suit different bums. I built the house with fiberglass roof, Palladian window looking out on the water, and a door with wooden hinges and proper moon.

Bob and the Englands were present for the dedication. I had a ruffle fronted shirt and said a few words. John popped the cork right over top of the edifice and one of the kids carried in the Sears catalog. Finally the genuine mahogany, hand-carved name board was unveiled, "Bob's Booth."

The cabin sat on a bluff 50' above the water and access was via a multi-angled stairway with several landings. Once, after a pleasant and extended evening at the cabin, Bob decided it was time to head down to his

boat. There was good moonlight and we watched apprehensively as he headed down. As I have mentioned he wasn't a cautious soul, and as he neared the mid landing he appeared to gather speed. We watched, horrified, as he flared out and sailed right over the rail and into the puckerbrush. Fortunately the hill was steep and the bushes cushioned his landing. He scrambled up cackling, his glasses still on his head. Tough old bird.

Bob was so taken with the Lil' Pickle that he wanted to build one in wood. I gave him my moulds from the plug and he eventually turned out three of them, clinker built. They are lovely little boats after the 11' sailing Whitehall at Mystic. His goal was to build one boat of some kind every winter and he kept it up for years.

Deciding he wanted a different cruising boat, he did a Maine sharpie by an artist fellow he had met up there. It was a nice little boat and sailed well but had an ornery streak. We were sitting in the cockpit of a Friday evening at MASCF when a friend joined us, the trailer tilted, and there were some spilled drinks. Next day we hooked up and headed for the ramp downtown to launch and race. As we slowed to exit the parking lot there was shouting. Bob stopped in the nick of time with the wood mast up against the high tension. It nearly straightened out the cadmium plated hardware store hook on the top of the forestay. The tanbark sail was full battened with white batten pockets. He stood out like a sore thumb, but when he tacked he disappeared. It drove me crazy.

Bob had a substantial place down a little gravel road near Middleburg. When the kids left home he sold the big house, keeping the tenant house and a few acres. He did a masterful job of restoring the two story stone house, dating certainly to before the Civil War. When anywhere in that part of the country we always contrived to drop in and enjoy the warm hospitality. The Old Crow and cheese and crackers on the deck or near the wood stove, depending on the season, set the scene for a splendid evening.

In later years Doris began to lose her way. Bob had always done breakfast, usually with his beloved scrapple, but now he had to take over the cooking and housework, as well as keeping an eye on Doris. He guessed he would have to give up boatbuilding. He had added a skiff, a Bolger Cartopper, and a Wee Punkin to his string.

He finally had to put Doris in a home but still visited near every day, a business sad beyond words. When Doris passed on we had moved back to Colorado. I guess he drifted for a bit, but then looked up an old lady friend horsewoman, gone to Texas. They hit it off and he began to spend time down there.

Thayer, Booth, John & Vera England on typical sail.



His spirit rebounded and next thing I hear he is building a little Fred Shell sailboat.

He gave the old Nissan to a neighbor lady and got himself a spiffy Subaru wagon to haul the boat to Texas. They rigged it up once but it was too windy. They never did sail it, always too much wind. He got up to see us in Colorado a couple of times, once bringing Penny with him. I remember sailing the 10' Limpet with three of us in the cockpit and Bro. John curled up on the foredeck. A full load for sure.

One day, preparing to fly back to Dallas, he was taken ill and wound up in the hospital in a bad way. We found him there on a detour from a cross-country run, his faithful Penny by his side. He was there a long time, Penny keeping a vigil, until he improved enough to be hauled back to the ranch.

He never did really get back on his feet. I sent him videos and when the door fell off the facility at Bell's Creek, we de-commissioned it and sent him the refinished name board. Penny watched over him for years with a dedication that is heartrending to think about. He died some little while ago. I can't tell you just when because I didn't want to think about it. To me, it seems that he didn't so much die as just faded away toward the horizon. He was 97, same as my dad, and missed in much the same way.

I started this thing this morning while waiting for somebody. The guest was late and the piece just took hold of me. There were more than a few chuckles while reliving the various misadventures. This evening I am back, but with a very different mind. It has brought distress and a few tears, but the good times will win through.

Still, I haven't told you near all of it. Not about, I guess it was the second Small Boat Show in Newport when Bob sailed the Pickle off into the fog, dumped it, and was hauled back by a lobsterman. At the end of the show it was a raw day and we went for lunch at an upscale joint over by Ron Ackman's Old Port Marine. The lunch was quiche with wonderful (very rare) cole slaw and Bloody Marys, to my mind a near perfect little repast. Early in my career Ron bought three of my pulling boats, thinking to run a little rental business off his pier. The business was a flop because Ron couldn't bring himself to rent such nice boats to the turkeys who came waving money.

Bob could never get over what an incredible collection of stuff Rod and Annie Sadler had at their boatyard in Camden, New Jersey. The place just blew the mind. We camped there one night and Bob wandered around entranced. Then he showed up on the Mosholu for the after race party in a blue blazer. Don't know where he had it stashed.

Lil' Pickles built by Bob.



Deja vu one more time, MASCF nearly always has perfect weather but one year it failed us. In search of specialized sustenance, we wandered into the Crab Claw. Now Bob had no use for beer and he wasn't much of a wine drinker. He would pull out from the frig a bottle, red or white, which somebody had started weeks before, and offer it up. His feeling was that a special elixir of Old Crow juice from Kentucky was the best thing for man or beast.

To my surprise, he suggested that a glass of sherry would be just the ticket for such a day. The sherry arrived in burgundy glasses, near full! Evidently a sub at the bar. We thanked the girl, assuring her that we wouldn't need anything else right away. An acquaintance happened by a little later and in great anticipation ordered a sherry. It came in a standard glass.

There are always those projects passed up, things put off, cruises never organized. If only wishing could make it so. Bob extolled the wonders of the Virginia Eastern Shore, from Chincoteague down to the Bay Bridge. Lots of shallow passages just right for our boats. And the clams! Big guys! Great hulking buggers practically jumping out of the water! But it was too hot. The bugs would be bad. It looked to be a spell of rain, then some other damn thing. But hey, we won a lot more than we lost.

I'll tell you all the same things as all the other wise men and you won't listen to me either. Work hard, save your money, be loving, stay busy, laugh some and smile a lot, start with a run, drink moderately, and a rainy day can be softened, if not saved. Above all, don't swallow the damned anchor till it's rammed down your throat.

Fair winds, my friend.

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On the International Scene

The Spanish judge handling the *Prestige* case found it hard to believe the circumstances behind the death of the director of operations of the *Prestige's* operator who died from a heart attack during a bypass operation. The judge asked for further medical evidence from the Greek hospital plus information about where and when he was buried.

Meanwhile, Galacia created a commission to determine who is responsible for the disaster, and Spain's ruling socialists have decided they do not want any former government ministers on that commission.

Canada's shipping industry and friends are trying to get proposed environmental protection legislation changed or scrapped. They claim some provisions would not comply with Canadian obligations under the United Nations Convention on the Law of the Sea and the IMO's International Convention for the Prevention of Pollution from Ships.

Iran issued a notice that there is no Arabian Gulf, only the UN-approved name of Persian Gulf, and anybody who uses "Arabian Gulf" in documents will be ignored by Iranian authorities (or, as the notice is phrased, "Iranian ports will avoid providing port and marine services to the offending vessels and their agents").

In East Africa in Mombasa, port congestion increased because no one was in charge. The harbor master and port operations manager were among senior managers arrested on suspicions of drug smuggling and fraud.

Algeria arrested five executives of the state-owned shipping group CNAN after two of its ships went aground or sank in a violent storm last November, causing the deaths of 16.

And a Philippine high official suspended some 20 environmental officers for 50 days while investigating whether they conspired with smugglers in illegally transporting lumber from Davao Oriental to Cebu.

In the Antarctic, the Russian icebreaker *Krasin* was hired to bust a way for supply ships replenishing the McMurdo Sound research station. The U.S. Coast Guard has two big icebreakers, but one lacks enough power and the other is being repaired.

Hard Knocks and Thin Places

As usual, a sampling: The Suezmax tankers *Genmar Kestrel* and *Trijita* collided off the coast of Egypt and spilled several thousand barrels of oil. Authorities lost communication with the Russian trawler *Kafor* in the Sea of Japan and aircraft spotted two rafts in the area.

Two North Koreans were rescued 15 days after drifting into South Korean waters in a small fishing boat. They were luckier than the crew of the South Korean *Pioneer*, which sank about 150 miles northeast of Goseong. In an unprecedented act, North Korea allowed South Koreans to search in North Korean waters for any survivors. Only four of a crew of 18 were found by the Russian trawler *Valery Maslakov*.

The Bulgarian-flagged *Finadra*, carrying timber, listed, then capsized in Turkish waters. Its crew got off safely.

The North Korean-flagged *Lady-O* sank in the Aegean Sea. Three were rescued and one body was recovered.

A ferryboat and an empty tanker collided on the Bosphorus, injuring three.

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

The South Korean fishing boat *Daehyeonho* sank off Ulsan and only three of ten were rescued.

A small tanker in southern Chinese waters sank within ten minutes after colliding with another small vessel. Nine were rescued and most of the tanker's oil became a spill.

The tanker *Kasco* hit a pier in the rice-basket Meekong Delta and lost thousands of tonnes of diesel oil.

The 34,000-dwt bulker *Aurelia* sank off Japan. Sixteen of the crew of 22 were rescued.

One worker sandblasting the *MSC Martina* in the Durban Harbour drydock fell to his death and others were injured when a crane moved the staging they were on and a cable became snagged and snapped.

In Australia, a Ukrainian crew member of the French research vessel *L'astrolabe* fell from the ship and died.

At Redwood City, California, a long-shoreman fell 25' from a gangway onto the deck of the cargo ship *Ivory Star* and died.

These last three reports arrived on the same day!

The Grey Fleets

The Russian Navy will add two nuclear-powered strategic missile submarines to its fleet this year.

Singapore is suing the owners of the container ship *ANL Indonesia* because it failed to turn sharply enough in an accident where the ship clipped off the stem of the Singaporean Navy warship *RSS Courageous* and four navy officers died. A criminal court had found two Navy officers guilty of negligence but assigned some blame to the container ship, now renamed the *Maersk Darwin*.

The Australian frigate *HMAS Ballarat* ran aground at remote Christmas Island, damaging its propeller and rudder.

The Royal Navy's website has a new game called *Raid* that gives players a virtual taste of Navy life. Players can "use" the service's latest weapons and test military skills.

Initially, BAE Systems had thought it was the prime contractor for two large British aircraft carriers, but then the Ministry of Defence brought in the French firm of Thales as co-designer/constructor. BAE threatened to pull out of the deal. Next, the MoD selected the American firm of Kellogg Brown & Root to manage construction of the over-cost program. Again, BAE threatened to pull out of the deal. At last word, peace ruled and the carriers should be delivered in 2012 and 2015.

The White Fleets

Gastrointestinal and other diseases made appearances on cruise ships again. The *Veendam* was forced to return to Tampa early when about 230 of the 1800 on board became sick. Earlier in the month about 270 were sickened on the *Mariner of the Sea* during a Western Caribbean cruise. Other vessels with sickness in the year's first month included *Empress of the Sea*, *Ryndam*, *Sun Princess*, *Enchantment of the Seas*, and the *Veendam* again.

P&O's luxury cruise ship *Aurora* was supposed to have set out from Southampton for a 102-day, 23-country, 40-port round-the-world luxury cruise but propulsion problems, apparently stemming from contact with a pier some time ago delayed the departure. After 11 days of repairs and short test sailings out past the Isle of Wight, the trip was cancelled. The 1,769 wealthy passengers who had paid up to £42,000 seem to have enthusiastically enjoyed the total experience.

A Norwegian entrepreneur is having three 70,000gt cruise ships and a luxury yacht built. His target: American conventioners, not vacationers. The mobile convention centers will be based at Miami and Port Everglades (aka Fort Lauderdale), both major cruise ship centers.

Cruise lines and associated tourism groups are dead set against Alaska's proposed \$50/passenger head tax.

And a U.S. court ruled that the families of Filipino crewmen killed or injured in a May 2003 boiler blast aboard the *Norway* must pursue their claims in the Philippines.

The Yo-Yo Fleets

Opening of the modernistic new bridge between Rio and Antiras in Greece did not harm the ferries. When the bridge opened last September there were ten ferries, now there are 21. Truckers are using the ferries because they cost less and travelers use them because of the lower price and the pleasures of a leisurely water passage.

But the fast ferry between Belfast and Troon ceased operations, having lost out to cheap flights.

The French government is looking for a private investor who will take the government owned ferry firm SNCM off its hands. The firm received a last infusion of public support money in 2003 and still lost money last year.

At least seven people died when a fast ferry capsized and sank in the Gulf of Siam. At least 40 foreigners were aboard.

On Lake Victoria an overloaded ferry sank.

And at Brisbane the ferryboat came in, only to discover that the landing pontoon had sunk. Apparently a contractor had forgotten to pump it out.

As soon as a shipping protocol is signed by India and Pakistan, a ferry service between Mumbai and Karachi may start. Five Karachi firms and one from the UAE have expressed interest.

B.C. Ferries is installing a "quiet" lounge on the *Spirit of British Columbia* and one potential rider hopes it will be for adults only and that the new children's area will be at the other end of the vessel.

The Rochester, New York-Toronto fast ferry *Spirit of Ontario* will hit the auction block shortly after this column is written and it looks as though the City of Rochester is serious about buying and operating the big boat. But a delegation from the Istanbul Fast Ferry Company inspected the vessel and may also bid. The ferry would then operate in Turkey.

Nature

Big waves made the news several times this month.

Waves up to six metres high battered the New South Wales coast in Australia and one wave washed over the bow of a Cyprus registered coal ship, killing one man and injur-

ing several others shortly after the ship left Newcastle.

In the North Sea, an extra large wave hitting the ro-ro *Schieborg* started fires in containers that gave rescuers/salvors problems in very bad weather but, in a notable salvage operation, they saved the ship and crew.

About 650 miles south of Adak, Alaska, the 25,000gt cruise ship *Explorer* had its bridge windows bashed in and lost use of three of its four engines when a 15-metre wave hit it. Two crew members were injured but none of the 681 students among the almost 1,000 passengers were hurt.

It was a "rogue" wave that sent water below through two open hatches on *HMCS Chicoutimi* and started electrical fires that eventually killed one. That submarine finally reached Halifax safe aboard a float-on/float-off-lift vessel.

Finally, the U.K. merchant marine officers' union said rogue/freak/extreme (pick your favorite adjective there) waves were on the increase and the shipping industry should review how ships are designed and constructed. Ships could be designed to survive the onslaught of such waves but improvements in design and construction needn't cost much.

The 1000-bed hospital ship *USNS Mercy* headed for the tsunami-stricken areas to provide a base for Project Hope's shore-based aid programs. And the Incat-built 900 passenger fast ferry *Normandie Express* carried relief supplies from Australia on its delivery trip to join Brittany Ferries' fleet. The ferry will operate from Portsmouth to Caen and Cherbourg.

The Greek government chartered the cruise ship *Ocean Monarch* to carry relief supplies and then act as a home for technicians and others working at stricken Tricomalee.

The Indian port of Chennai benefited when the tsunamis scoured away four to five lakh (a lakh is 100,000) cubic metres of sediment and deepened its channel by a metre or two.

Although the tsunamis seem to have left the vital Strait of Malacca relatively unaffected, the hydrographic survey ship *USNS John McDonnell* is surveying the general area anyway. And some media reports from Singapore had averred that depths of the Aceh sea bed may have been reduced by up to one thousand metres, but scientists doubt that figure. The British research vessel *HMS Scott* is checking near the earthquake's epicenter.

Following several collisions with Atlantic right whales, the U.S. Navy promised it would exercise vigilance and enhance caution when operating in waters used by the whales. A spokeswoman for a nature group promptly pounced on that statement saying, "This action suggests that the Navy was not previously exercising due caution... As long as the Navy remains the sole arbiter of the adequacy of its actions, we will continue to see more tragic accidents."

Los Angeles is in a second phase of its program to entice ships in port to use shore power rather than run their generators and thus eliminate the discharge of pollutants. The port just approved a "cold-iron" reimbursement \$810,000 to one shipping company. The neighboring port of Long Beach starts a similar program for BP tankers next year.

And China is becoming concerned that its coastal waters are becoming increasingly polluted. The major reason is believed to be the dumping of land wastes into coastal waters. Major rivers such as the Yellow and Yangtze rivers carry 11.4 million tonnes of pollutants into the sea each year.

The chief engineer of the *Katherine* pleaded guilty to obstructing justice by committing illegalities with the ship's oily water separator and engine room log. He faces 20 years in jail. DST Shipping Inc., the vessel's owner, agreed to plead guilty to the same basic charge.

The owner, operator, and chief engineer of the *John G. Lemos* were indicted on charges related to similar separator bypassing and illegal log entries.

Finally, Turismo Nauticao De Mar De Cortes agreed to pay a fine of \$100,000 and will be restricted from operating in U.S. waters for three years because of illegal bypassing of the separator on the *Topaz*.

Piracy and Terrorism

The tsunamis may have wiped out a much-sought band of Malaysian pirates, the pirates may have lost their boats and other equipment or perhaps their lives. Since the tsunami, there has not been an attack in the Malacca Strait.

Metal-Working

China Ocean Shipping Co. broke the 10,000-teu barrier when it ordered four container ships from Hyundai Heavy Industries, the world's largest ship builder. And the Korea firm announced that it is ready to build 12,000-teu vessels.

The U.K. Ministry of Defence was accused of feeding an unannounced E84 million extra to the troubled shipyard Swan Hunter so it could finish two fleet auxiliary ships for the Royal Navy. Ferguson Shipbuilders, a small firm on the Clyde, said it was a matter of life and death whether it gets the contract for two U.K. fisheries research vessels or the order goes to a Polish firm, which operates with "hidden subsidies" and lower labor costs. The owners note that government contracts in other European countries always go to yards in those countries.

A German minister said German firms and European shipbuilders are not ready to merge because many of them are government controlled. For this and many other reasons, do not look for a mega-merger soon, although many have said it is necessary if European shipbuilding is to survive.

Although the company's net profit in 2003 was \$2.94 billion, shipping company AP Moller-Maersk asked the Danish government for \$70.37 million in subsidies for its Lindo shipyard. Most European shipyards are financially supported to create a level playing field and to keep jobs at home.

The first chunk of Britain's six new Type 45 destroyer (a 20-tonne assembly built at Portsmouth) was, hold on, sent to Holland where the main radar antenna and related systems will be installed by a French firm on a U.K.-made mast.

Then this unit will go to the Clyde for assembly with the bow section, which is being built in Portsmouth. Really, this is all quite straightforward. Two contractors, one British, one French, and as many yards as possible, all to keep politicians and craft unions as happy as possible. Got it?

Finding and producing oil and gas offshore has demanded great advances in small-ship ship design and construction. Add to improved sea keeping, etc., the ability to break ice. Rolls Royce will build three ice-breaking offshore support vessels for use in the Sakhalin area. They are part of a series of icebreaking designs.

Odd Bits

The Coast Guard denied entry of the Panamanian-flagged 214' *General Lee* to Hampton Roads when a boarding team realized its master was drunk. He failed six field sobriety tests and refused a breath test. At his trial he claimed he had drunk only four light beers and part of a fifth beer and said he was angry at the Coast Guard. "They shouted at me. I became very confused. I was mad and upset. We are peaceful men and you treat us like pirates." He was found guilty of operating a commercial vessel while drunk, fined \$3,000, and denied entry to American waters for a year. The vessel had been targeted for boarding because of results from the Coast Guard's standard risk assessment program. The *General Lee* had been detained at Savannah in December for safety violations.

U.S. inspectors of inbound vessels are equipped with very sensitive equipment. When one team boarded the Maersk container ship *Topaz*, their personal radiation detectors detected radioactivity. It was finally traced to a minute amount of cobalt 60 in a gauge used to test the ship's fire-detection system.

The Azerbaijani freighter *Saati* dragged its anchor and went aground. The rescue vessel *Atkai Veliev* also ran aground at the rescue site and so another rescue vessel was sent.

U.S. shipping on the Great Lakes enjoyed a great season. Up to January 15 (the end of the navigation season), dry-bulk traffic on the Great Lakes was up 17% due to a strong demand for steel. Only two of the 57 U.S. ships in the U.S. Lakes fleet were not in service, up from four Lakers idle last year.

Headshakers

Chemical engineer John Monaghan, Jr. retired early to do what he really wanted to do, be a rigger on the sailing frigate *USS Constitution*, the oldest commissioned warship in the world. Recently his friends placed a memorial plaque, made of discarded material from the *Constitution*, in the Constitution Museum not far from the old warship because, while preparing the vessel for its annual turn-around voyage last July, he fell 70' from the mainmast.



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Broadside view of planked-up hull.

Interior view showing rudimentary frames hewn from natural crooks and pieced together.



Traditional Boatbuilding Seen in My Travels

By Roy Terwilliger

John Powell's photos in his article about boatbuilding in the Greek Isles in the February 15 issue reminded me of a boat I saw being built in Saudi Arabia in 1988. What impressed me the most was the rudimentary construction of the boat's frames, although the exterior of the boat was finished very nicely.



A closer look at frames, floors, and horn timber.



Stem/keel joint.

Taking shape nicely.



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In the March 1 issue, Bob Doordan questions the picture of a “Severn River coble” which appeared in an article by Bill Hatch in the December 15 issue. I agree with Mr. Doordan, the boat pictured in the article on Page 9 looks more like a curragh than a coble.

I always thought a “coble” was a design indigenous to the northeast coast of England. I’m enclosing some pictures I took a few years ago while there. The cobles of that area are used for inshore fishing and driven by inboard motors. They are flat-bottomed and have a tunnel in the transom to enclose the propeller so they can be beached. Another interesting feature of the coble is that they are planked up initially without frames, as you can see from the picture of one under construction. I don’t think they are built from plans, just from the mind of the builder.



Coble under construction in Whitby, England.



Stern tunnel of a coble.



Two new cobles at builder’s shop.



I just became the proud owner of a 1960 Scott 7.5hp outboard motor, which I did not need but nevertheless apparently had to have! According to Peter Hunn’s *The Old Outboard Book* (reviewed by Robb White most favorably a few months back in these pages, which caused me to add it to my Christmas list), the old Scott-Atwater company was sold in the late ‘50s to McCullough which continued to produce engines under a variety of names, including Scott.

I bid on it on eBay while laid up with an injured knee and too much time on my hands (another story). I “won” it, sight unseen, for \$54 and had no idea what I was in for until a week later when FedEx Ground dropped a 46lb. package off at my front door. I didn’t even wait for my wife to get home from work. I lassoed it with a slipknot and dragged it into the garage, crutches and all, and cut off the cardboard and duct tape.

What a little jewel! Low profile powerhead, weedless prop, integral carrying handle, a tiller that folds down alongside the lower unit for compact stowage, and only 38lbs. (it was packed in a LOT of cardboard)! It looks a little like a sewing machine of the period and isn’t a whole lot bigger than some sewing machines I’ve seen. This particular one is hardly pristine but it is complete, nothing missing or broken that I can see. The previous owner had taken to fishing a river

eBay Outboard

By Preston Larus



with a strong current and had to buy a much more powerful motor and says this engine was running fine when he garaged it two years ago. When I get off these crutches, we’ll see!

I’m going to need a boat for it, though. Funny thing, I was looking at Robb’s Sport Boat plans on his website a month or so ago and remember thinking that I don’t have the time to build one and besides, I don’t own a small engine for it. I guess one of those problems/excuses has been taken care of now. I’ll keep you posted on the other one.



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It's hard to believe, but just a few short years ago I had never heard of Phil Bolger, never heard of Dave Gerr, or Jacques Merton, or Jay Benford, never even heard of Bob Hicks. I claimed as my own Ratty's legendary sentiment that there is nothing half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats, as do others world round, but I had no idea that there was a magazine dedicated to, and named after, that quote.

Neither, for that matter, did I believe in those bygone days that plywood, or any other wood for that matter, was a suitable substance from which to build a boat in (then) 20th century America, although to be honest I had never seriously considered building a boat myself anyway. Aluminum, that was the stuff. Boats ought to be built out of aluminum. Aluminum was lighter than wood, stronger than wood, didn't leak, didn't rot, and could be taken to the welder if you broke it. As it turns out, I was wrong about pretty much all of that except the welder, but that's happened before and will probably happen again. Much of this story is about learning the difference. So far.

I'm kinda old to be just learning all of this, but I never learned it any younger. We decided that we wanted to build a floating camper, or weekender, or shantyboat, or something like it. Except that I got lost on the way to the shantyboat and wandered off into a river tour business until I'd managed to lose all the money I could stand, but that's another story.

Around here there are four basic kinds of boats: fishing boats, sailboats, plastic rocket boats in a variety of guises, and pontoon boats. I already owned one from Column A. Bad as I miss sailing, for how-

Accidental Boatbuilder - Part 3 Rookie

By Jeffrey McFadden

ever long I stay on the Missouri River it's not a real option. Plastic rocket boats don't interest me, and the ones that pretend to be weekenders or short-term liveaboards cost about a zillion dollars anyway. Within my experience that left a pontoon boat. "If I'd a knowed back then what I know now," he said...

So I went to my friendly neighborhood boat dealer and asked him how he was fixed for used pontoon boats. He's a big mover and shaker in the pontoon boat business and I expected, well, I expected better than I got. We were kinda friends even. Otherwise I'd have stuck with my old standard of looking in the want ads, scrounging around, and buying the best I could find given my limited knowledge. This time I wanted some knowledgeable support as well as an old boat and was willing to pay a little extra for it. Except for the part about paying extra, it didn't work out that way.

I explained to him that I was fixing to buy an old pontoon boat and strip it down to deck and pontoons, logs, they call 'em, and build an aluminum house on there to spend my time in. So, I went to this alleged friend and bought an elderly pontoon boat for \$3,000. For my three grand I got, that I still am using, two leaky aluminum pontoons, two 4'x8' sheets of 3/4" marine plywood deck, and a 30-year-old Evinrude 3-cylinder 70 horse outboard motor. Oh, and some mis-

cellaneous structural steel.

Besides the leaks (serious leaks at first, by now repaired to just seeps), the pontoons were not big enough in diameter for my intended use. This latter fact has, in the long run, assisted me greatly in understanding how to calculate buoyancy and displacement as well as helping in my understanding of the weight of aluminum. If we keep the boat another couple of years the perennially leaky aluminum pontoons will likely be replaced with some strong, dependable plywood and epoxy with probably a little fiberglass cloth laid on for abrasion and impact resistance.

Remember that stuff I knew about aluminum not rotting? It does if it's tied up alongside a rusting steel dock for long enough. The surface of these logs is pitted up to the water line, and although I'm not positive, I think the deeper pits leak. Something leaks and nothing else looks likely. If it's not rot, it's close enough for me.

Just like I knew that the pontoons had to be aluminum so they'd never rot, I knew that the house had to be aluminum. Like I said, lighter than wood, right? OK, wrong. But I'd seen people's homebuilt plywood constructed pontoon houseboats. I've seen better goat sheds. I've built better goat sheds. How was I to know that you could build plywood houses that didn't look like goat sheds, much less that I'd probably even seen them but never recognized them for what they were?

For better or for worse, I bought the boat and made the plans, aluminum and all. I was three grand into it and with a head full of ideas that would ultimately cost me another 12 or 15 thousand we were started. We were going to have a shantyboat!

(To Be Continued)

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The Ferro-Cement Catboat

By Hans Waecker

The late '60s and early '70s were the heydays of ferro-cement boats. The true facts were that ferro-cement construction varied greatly from builder to builder and materials used; e.g., chickenwire vs. steelcloth. Some hulls, properly built, turned out beautifully. Many others eventually wound up either at the local dump or on the bottom.

With the benefit of hindsight I am writing now, some 35 years later, about our (Marinecrete's) experience with the construction of a 32' catboat hull and how we came to be selected to build it. The owner, an experienced designer of airplane components as well as an aficionado of catboats, put on paper his dreamboat. Ferro-cement was his hull material selection. His design was beautiful. LOA 32', beam 16', sail area 1,000sf. He elected Windboats, the British Builder in Ferro-Cement with a Lloyd's Register of Shipping A100 rating, to build his boat. With his drawings completed, he made a trip to Wroxham, England, home of Windboats, to discuss all the details.

All of this took place at the time when Marinecrete was negotiating a franchise with Windboats/Seacrete. I had gone to England to learn the process of ferro-cement construction so the decision was made for us to build the hull in South Portland, Maine. With the help from a crew from Windboats who, in turn, taught our crew the process, this huge catboat hull was built. My original cost estimate practically matched the previous estimate from Windboats. Thus reinforced, my

The steel armature of *Meow*.



Meow, a 32'x16' ferro-cement catboat built by Marinecrete, Inc., in South Portland, Maine, to 100A1 Standards of Lloyd's Register of Shipping.

decision to "go at it" led to the signing of a contract.

This is a good point to digress a bit. With no business experience and no thorough knowledge in boatbuilding, it came to no surprise that my cost estimate, which was based on the square feet of hull surface, was greatly off center. What I did not realize was the complexity of the construction, holes in the floors for shaft and wiring, were not "holes" but had to be tediously built with steel welded into the mesh, obviously time consuming and expensive. However, the hull was completed and moved to the next shed for completion of the superstructure, all in teak, and some of the interior.

Finally came the day of launching. Without any problems she came down the ways and majestically floated. What a sight! So assuming that all is well that ends well, we were in for a surprise. The hull took on water, to the disappointment of owner and builder. We had the bilge pumps running day

and night, draining down the batteries. Additional concrete was poured into the bilges, which did not help the trim, but gradually the intake of water was reduced to a more reasonable level.

As the owner wished to complete the interior joinery himself, the boat was delivered to her home port via the Cape Cod Canal. There, on dry land, the source of the leak was discovered. The construction of the hull specified a concrete layer below and around the keel. To obtain the required space underneath the steel keel, holes were drilled and threaded to receive bolts on which the keel could rest. After removing the bolts, one of the holes was not filled, the leak had been found!

This story of the catboat *Meow* is ably reported by the owner in *The Catboat Book*, published for the Catboat Association by International Marine Publishing Company, Copyright 1973.

The "holes" in the floors, expensive and cause for cost overrun for *Meow*.



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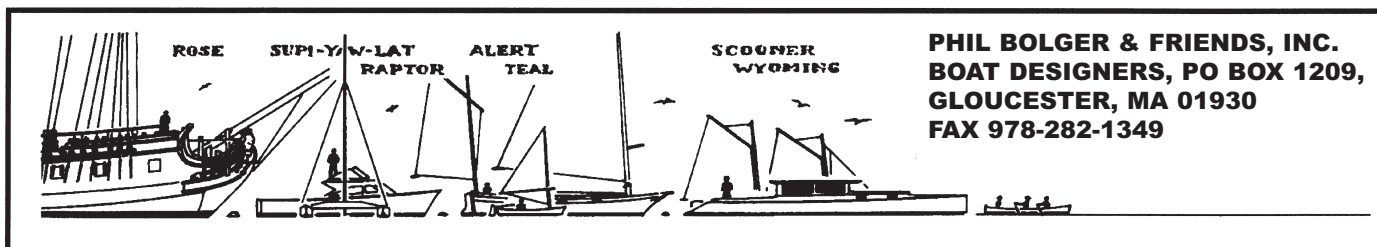
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Gary Blankenship's lugger was originally designed for the OSTAR singlehanded trans Atlantic race with minimal accommodations for a lone sailor. We published a brief account of her with some plans and a photo in *MAIB* Vol. 10, #1, May 15, 1992. It was supposed to be possible to handle her without ever going on deck, sitting at the tiller and sleeping in a canvas berth amidships and on the weather side. Sail handling was done standing in the forward hatch or in the companionway. The rig was twin dipping lugs port and starboard; in tacking, lower the one that would be on the weather side on the new tack and hoist the one that will be on the new lee side, clear of the mast, without having to dip a conventional dipping lug around the mast.

I had a June Bug sailing dinghy rigged this way to test the idea and found it workable, even singlehanded at the scale of the dinghy, and a powerful rig with a lot of clear flowing airfoil on a low height for least heeling effect. The effort and delay involved was comparable to tacking a genoa jib with a lot of overlap, letting one halyard run down and hauling the other up involved a similar effort to shifting the sheets of the overlapping jib. If anything the time and stress were less with the dipping lugs, but neither rig would be a good choice for shorthanded short-tacking!

The design also called for a 7' draft fin keel. It's arguable whether this and the rig were good ideas even for a dedicated ocean racer (that might be assumed not to do much tacking and not have anything to gain by cutting across shoals). The boat was fast in straightaway sailing and Gary built and rigged her very quickly and well. She might well have made a show in her class in the race. But illness in the family forced cancellation of the race project and the boat was used for day sailing and short cruises on the Florida Panhandle coast. She was not well-adapted to that use, and especially not for that coast, which is shallow all around and far out to sea!

The first change to something more practical was to dock a foot and a half off the fin keel and to add a makeshift outboard motor bracket (for the race she was to have

Bolger on Design

Blankenship's Lugger Update

Design #459

29'10"9 x 7'10" x 4'9"/1'10"

had no engine). This brought her from totally impractical to usable. Next, one of the lugsails was fitted with a boom and the other one stored as a spare; that is, she now had a balanced lug rig which could be short-tacked without touching anything but the tiller. She was also given a tiller directly on the rudder in addition to the linkage to the inside helm. This was easy as she had an outboard rudder with a vane self-steerer controlling a tab on the rudder's trailing edge. The tab and vane were removed for her new service. Now she was quite usable indeed.

She was sailed with these arrangements for several years, but the 5-1/2' draft was still much too much to be ideal for that locality (or for almost any locality!) and the cabin was not well-arranged for more than the intended one person continuously underway. Gary decided on a more radical makeover. He knew that we had been working on a retractable winged keel design that would be shallower even when extended and would haul up to easy wading draft. He offered to prototype this keel and at the same time give the boat a much larger and higher deckhouse with more headroom and in general more pleasant to get around in and spend time in at anchor. Other points were to be a foot well and protection for the outdoor tiller (while retaining the inside tiller), provision for a 9.9hp four-stroke outboard motor on centerline where it would drive with the boat heeled and brought inboard of the stern far enough to reach the propeller easily, and a tabernacle for the mast.

The centerline motor called for twin rudders, and they could be shallow with end plates since the leeside rudder would be effective at sharp angles of heel (when the photos were taken she still had her original rudder, somewhat shortened but still deep enough to work on both tacks in its new off-center position). The lug sail was used with enough cut off the foot to clear the higher house.

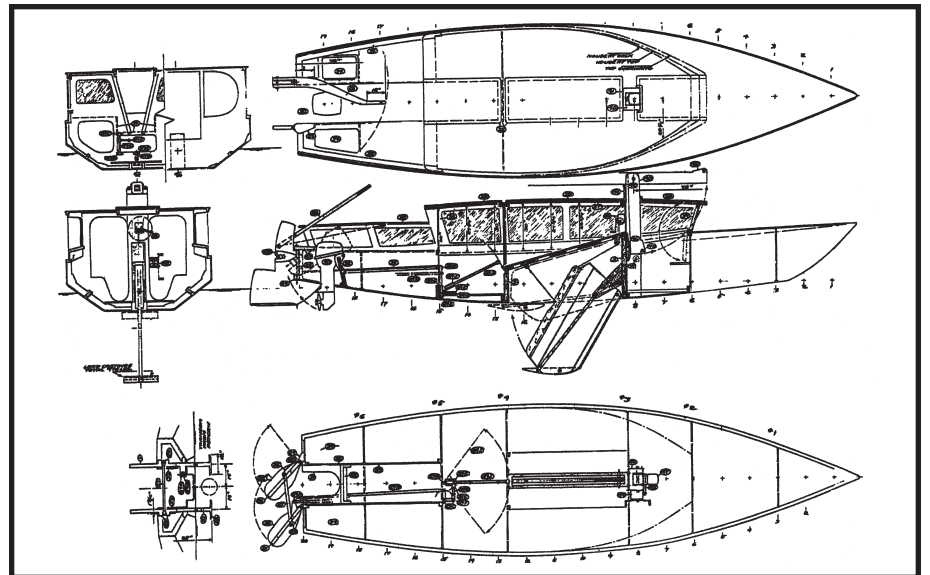
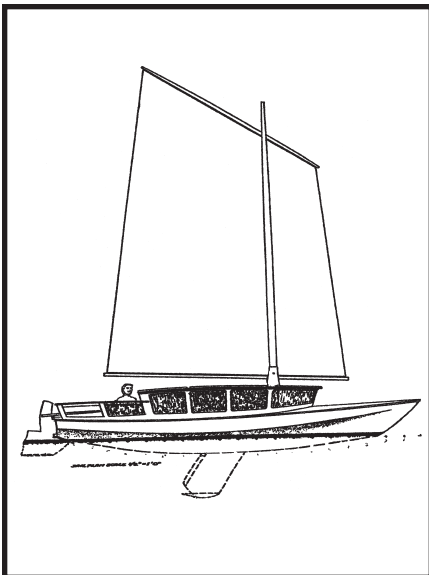
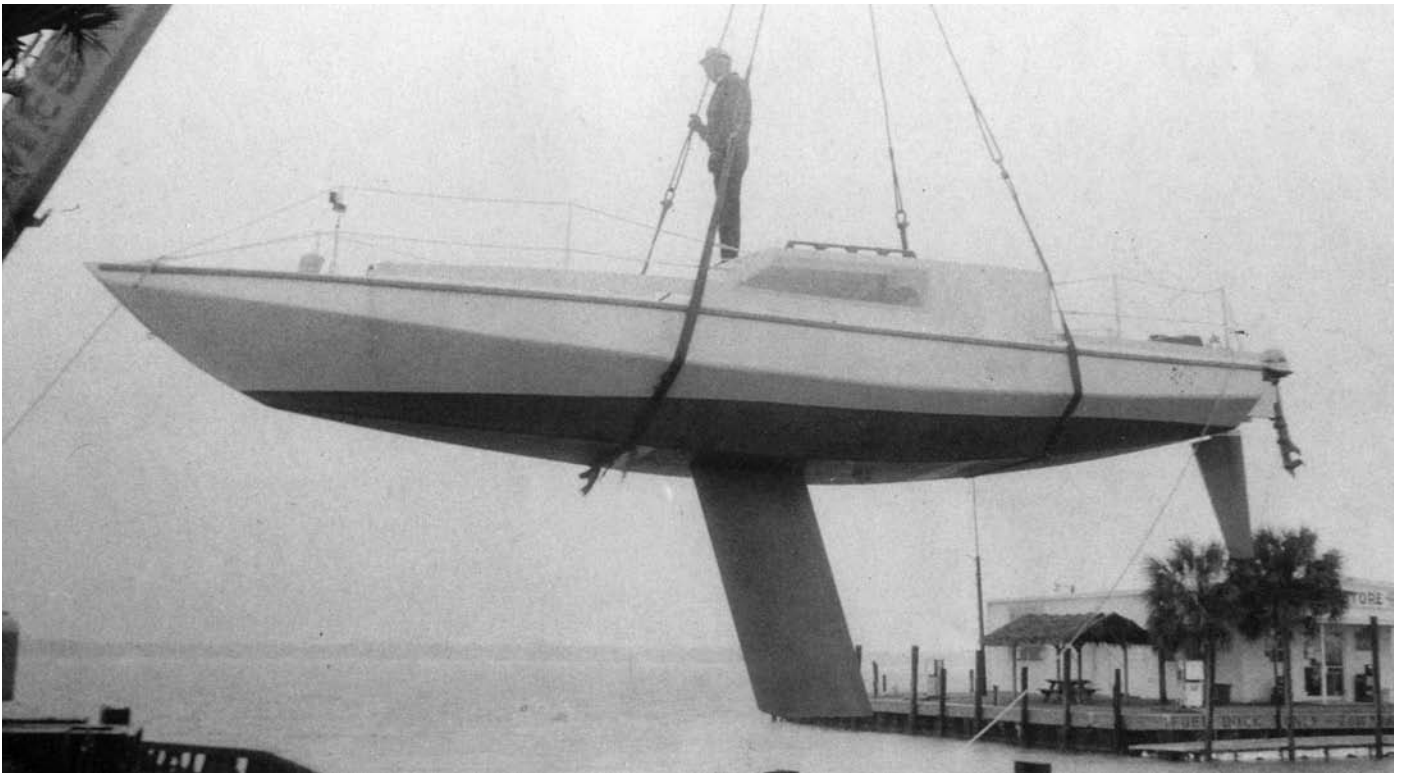
The photos show it on the "bad tack" (on the weather side of the mast with a ridge in the sail where it bears on the mast). Avoiding the "bad tack" is the reason for having selected the dipping lug with all its drawbacks, but Gary tells us that he can detect no difference from one tack to the other. I'm tempted to draw the conclusion from this that there's something wrong with the sail on the "good tack," but it's one of several experiences, hinting that taking a lot of trouble for theoretically ideal aerodynamics may be unprofitable when it comes to balanced lugsails.

The geometry of the fin keel can be made out on the inboard profile drawing. The ballast is in the form of a "wing" on each side of the fin, each wing weighing just under 500lbs. The wings have a foil shape calculated to help them hold on against leeway when the boat is heeled. The fin pivots like a centerboard, around a pin at its forward end. The wings pivot on a shaft through the fin with their angle controlled by a differential link in such a way that the wings remain level as the fin is raised. The fin-wing assembly can be used at any depth up to the point where the tops of the wings lie flat on the bottom of the hull. If she grounds out there's considerable bearing surface where the hull rests on the wings.

Gary tells us that this keel is very effective in stopping leeway, the boat goes where she looks. There are signs that it has rather high drag, not as fast as she was with the simple fixed fin. One cause of this is that the relationship of the fin and the wings is such that there has to be an open slot on each side of the fin at the leading edges of the wings to allow the wings to pivot on the fin as it is raised. This probably accounts for a lot of drag, especially as it picks up weed and other floating sculch which is hard to reach to remove. In a keel of this type (but bigger) that we have in the works, the pivot axis of the wings will be at the leading edge of the fin to eliminate this gap, and the sectional shape of the wings will be shaped more for low drag and less for holding against leeway since apparently it has some capability to spare in that respect. #459's keel is to be modified on the plans to match the most advanced thinking.

Plans of Design #459 on six sheets, including the upgrade sheets, are available for \$300 to build one boat, from Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.





It was that comment heading out the door that did it.

A business trip had taken me to Boston in 1999 and Phil Bolger and Suzanne Altenberger had graciously agreed to have lunch and spend a couple hours yakking about boats. We had talked about a wide variety of boats and other topics, and heading out I commented how much I enjoyed sailing the boat Phil had designed for me about 14 years earlier, but added that it wasn't appropriate for where I was sailing now. Designed when I had hopes of doing the OSTAR, the boat had a cramped cabin, large Lexan™ windows for good visibility inside, and a fixed, deep hollow steel fin keel ballasted with lead in the bottom. A variety of family reasons kept me from making that race, but it was nice to have the boat to do it. But now I was (and still am) on the North Florida coast of the Gulf of Mexico.

Even after reducing the draft from 7' to 5-1/2', a lot of shallow cruising areas were closed off. The large windows turned the small cabin into a greenhouse during the warm times, and that's about seven months of the year. The heavy unstayed mast took a crane to get out. I wishfully told Phil and Suzanne about my desire for shoaler draft and a larger and better-ventilated cabin, a boat more suited for the area.

Phil and Suzanne didn't miss a beat. In a few seconds they had the plans out and were musing away. Phil allowed that raising and extending the cabin shouldn't be a problem, with large centerline hatches for ventilation. Suzanne focused on the keel. For ease of construction the boat already had a keel case, which resembles a centerboard case, except the keel was held in place by two 3/4" bolts and didn't pivot. The case did away with a lot of heavy timbers to bolt the keel into but, of course, divided the cabin like any centerboard case. Suzanne figured the case could be enlarged vertically and the keel made to retract like a centerboard. I inquired about a fold down mast for ease of maintenance. No problem, Phil said. It would take a tabernacle, like many of his designs.

A few months later the plans arrived. The cabin was bigger, with large hatches. The tabernacle and folding mast were there. Phil revamped the stern, calling for twin rudders and an inset motor mount for easier access (the rudders and motor mount change were planned for later, I got too anxious to get back in the water). But the real eye-opener, and the focus of the rest of this account, was the keel. Phil credits Suzanne for most of that design. It took a few hours to study to convince me that everything would work.

The idea was a wing keel that could be retracted with the wings articulating and remaining parallel to the bottom as the keel pivots up, centerboard fashion. This is accomplished by a control arm that runs through the keel and connects to a rod through the aft end of the wings. The wings pivot on a bar welded through the keel and which runs through the forward part of those foils.

Phil and Suzanne's explanation and drawings will give a better illustration than I can. I want to comment on some of the challenges, potential pitfalls, and details of how it all turned out. The biggest factor was making the keel. The plans call for the middle part of the keel to be open, but for the leading and trailing sections to be watertight. This is a tricky welding problem and the best thing

The Owner Reports

By Gary Blankenship

anyone can do on a project like this is pick the keel builder carefully. I first went with a steel boat builder on the Atlantic coast of the state. We discussed filling the fore and aft compartments with thickened epoxy, since it's not possible to get watertight welds 6' long working inside a 4" wide keel. The builder came up with a better idea.

He built a rectangular, watertight box to the dimensions of the open middle section of the keel. Then he bent the keel's leading and trailing edges around that, welding at the edges which sealed the fore and aft sections. An ingenious solution. It added at least 100lbs. of weight to the keel, but if you have to add weight, better there than anywhere else. The builder also coated the keel with epoxy, inside and out. I was so happy to get the keel, I drove over, loaded it up, and headed home without giving it a careful look. I came to regret that omission.

Because of several family related crises, it was several months before I was ready to install the keel. The first thing I noticed was an error in the opening on the keel bottom. Phil's plans had shown two different lengths for the opening, one about 8" and one the correct 16", more or less. I had pointed this out to the builder and had also made a model of the keel, showing the correct opening among other details. But it was two or three months between my dropping off the plans and model and the time the keel got built, apparently the model was lost and the instructions forgotten. The opening was only 8".

Secondly, Phil specified 1-1/2" stainless steel bar for the wing pivot bar and for the pin the keel pivots on. I had ordered an old prop shaft from Sea Chest Marine Salvage in Riviera Beach, an excellent and reasonable source for gear, but due to an error the shaft that came was actually 1-3/8". I figured that was still strong enough and I had instructed the builder to reduce the size of the holes in the keel.

When I finally, months later, tried the rod, the holes turned out to be the original 1-1/2". I hired a local welder to lengthen the bottom slot and line the pinholes with stainless tubing to 1-3/8". Chris Leckinger came to the boatyard and quickly accomplished both tasks, but when he finished with the holes and put the pins in for a trial fit, he called me over with his voice tinged with doom. The holes, he reported, were not plumb or, put another way, they were not perpendicular to the center plane of the keel. Whipping out a tape measure, he determined that the pivot pinhole was 1/4" off true in its 4" length. That error would have made it impossible to fully retract the keel (and if you tried it might jam) and it might have made it impossible to even mount it.

Chris said that sort of precision work was more than he could do. One of the best-equipped shops in Tallahassee, where I live, declined to try. At Chris' recommendation I went to Monroe Hildebrandt who runs a metal working shop just north of Columbus, Georgia. Monroe, quiet and thorough, walked around the keel and looked at everything, which I should have done. Aside from the problem with the holes, Monroe noted that the plate at the aft end of the keel had a

curve from top to bottom. Not aesthetically pleasing but probably not harmful to performance. But that plate was also off center, canted two to three degrees to port which would have resulted in a left turning boat and other steering difficulties. Finally, parts where Phil has specified that stainless steel be used apparently had been made of regular steel or a low grade of stainless, as they were magnetic.

As a specialist in precision metalworking, Monroe gave the impression he was professionally affronted that a metal worker had turned out this product. He even considered the welds crude and offered to neaten them up. He had a big table where the keel could be laid out and everything trued up and he quoted a reasonable price. In less than a week it was done, and when I picked up the keel it was impossible to tell where he had welded, the finish was so fine.

It was all a major hassle. But when it came time to install the keel, within a morning's work the keel was successfully mounted and the wings were hung on their forward pivot bar and bolted on. I had some trouble installing the aft wing bar that attaches to the control bar. I asked the yard to take a crack at it and one of their workers had it done in about an hour. I'm still not sure what my problem was.

Lesson: If you get a keel like this built, the most important factor is to find a precision metal working shop that can handle something this large (approximately 6'x3'). If I had it to do again, I might pay the premium to build the keel out of stainless steel, my original fixed keel was stainless and caused no problems.

Okay, now we've got the keel with everything done to a close tolerance. But that's all a waste because the hole for the pivot pin isn't precisely drilled in the keel case. In this instance, the case was already in the boat. My solution was to drill the holes oversized. Phil had recommended coating the holes with epoxy thickened with graphite powder. I put in a dummy, plain steel pin, which had been waxed and extended past the ends on either side. The hole openings inside the boat and inside the case were sealed with modeling clay. A square helped ensure that pin was true. Holes had already been drilled vertically into the keel case logs to allow access to the pinholes.

One tip: Drill two such holes on each side, one to pour the epoxy in and one to let the air out, and make the holes at least 3/8". Don't over-thicken the epoxy, you want it to pour easily but you also want enough graphite. What you are actually doing is "casting" the final hole and pouring in place an epoxy-graphite bushing. This worked well for me. If you want to be absolutely sure of the alignment, it would be easy to achieve with a scrap of plywood to cut out a mock keel. Build up the ends to the full thickness and then use a drill press to drill a true hole for the pin. That will enable you to precisely locate the pin before pouring the epoxy and graphite. When pouring, allow for the epoxy to settle and keep topping it off. Make sure you fill the air holes! If I ever do this again, I'd wrap the pin in wax paper so the hole is a little oversized and it would also make pin removal a bit easier.

Phil's concept of casting the pivot bar and the control bar in the lead wings worked well. I built my mold from 3/4" ply (laminated from 1/4" ply for the curved parts), held

together with epoxy and polyurethane glues, backed by drywall screws. The corners were additionally caulked with fireproof caulk and the internal walls that are pierced by the bars were also caulked to prevent leaks. That caulk was a problem when it came time to remove the bars, providing unneeded friction. Once the bars were out, though, they were easily reinserted in the wings.

Another tip: When driving out the bars, don't use a bolt or other metal rod, use as thick a wooden dowel as you can. A metal rod will spread the end of the bars while they're still in the wings and that will only add unbelievable drag, plus you'll have to grind down the end of the bars once they're out. I had asked the yard to do this and they used an old galvanized bolt, it took about an hour for each rod. If you've got two people for the job it would probably help, once an inch or so is out, to put a pipe wrench on the bar and have one person rotate it as the other drives.

Pouring the lead for the wings proved to be an unexpected challenge. A couple people recommended trying to melt the lead out of the old keel. But it was too spread out to melt and the propane burner malfunctioned, putting out a yellow flame. The situation had a high risk of accident. The yard owner recommended getting the inside tank from a water heater and using a propane burner under it. But nine hours with a 160,000 BTU burner only melted a fraction of the lead. Finally I wrapped some fireproof insulation around the tank and the lead melted in about three hours. The pour went smoothly, with stock galvanized pipe fittings attached to the tank. Don't forget to have a small propane torch to melt the lead in the exit pipe between the tank and the gate valve. Interestingly, even though the lead wings weighed 500lbs. each, it was easy for three people to horse them around by hand and get them on the pivot bar.

The last tricky part was installing the plywood and fiberglass I-beam reinforced triangle at the head of the keel case to which the forward end of the ballast control bar attaches. This has to be precisely located for all the connections to work out properly. The difficulty was my keel case was already installed. If I had been starting from scratch, I would have installed the triangle before the keel case sides, which would have simplified things considerably. As it was, it had to be mounted exactly and be plumb and square while working in a 5-1/2" wide space. I made shims to hold the block centered in the hole at the right location and then bedded it in thickened epoxy. The mounting bolts were tightened to snug but not overdone which might, from the torque, have canted the block. Final tightening was done after the epoxy had set.

Phil specified a Fulton 2,000lb. worm gear winch to lift the keel, but there were two problems. One was the diameter of the winch drum was too small for the 1/4" stainless wire used. It was like a spring unwinding when the tension was off. Secondly, the winch wasn't strong enough, much to my surprise, since the keel should weigh no more than 1,400lbs. The idea of using the worm gear is it stays where you leave it without unwinding and without the hassle of engaging a ratchet.

Phil specified a Fulton 1,500lb. worm gear to raise and lower the mast, and once I switched from wire to 3/8" Dacron™ line,

that worked without a problem. A very helpful guy at Fulton technical support advised using one of their automatic brake winches, he called it the best winch they make. In fact, he said the 1,500lb. model should work for my use. Spooked by the problem with the worm gear, I went for the 2,500lb. model. It works without a flaw.

The yard owner was so impressed he ordered two of them to drop and raise the metal gate on the landing craft he uses to ferry vehicles over to Robb White's island. I use a 1/2" ratchet handle 18" long on the winch and it takes steady but not heavy force to lift the keel. I haven't timed it, but it takes around two minutes to lift the keel, better than I expected.

One nice touch is the line Phil shows going from the top of the keel case to the middle of the back edge of the keel. It's intended as a safety line if the keel pendant breaks. But it is also a nifty way to tell when the keel is down to the maximum level.

The drawings show quite a gap between the inside leading edge of the wings and the keel, a slot ideally suited to catching pot warp. Phil tells me he and Suzanne have some ideas for the second generation of this keel to address that. For now, I have installed an eye strap on the outside leading edge of each wing. To those are seized a length of the stretchy tubing used in spear guns. It's barely tight when the keel is fully extended and stretches as it is raised. We'll see how this works...

So how is the keel working? Well, it's still being tested but preliminary results are encouraging. First the negative. In its fixed

keel configuration, Phil had specified blocking along the bottom of the keel, so instead of a 5-1/2" opening, it was only 1/2". It was also a neat place to mount knot/log impellers and depth finder transducers. Because the keel now retracts, that blocking isn't possible and that 5-1/2" slot kicks up a heck of a fuss once the speed gets to 3.5 to 4 knots. I think it slows the top speed of the boat. I'm debating some sort of flexible flap that can go over the slot and still allow the keel to lift.

Now for the good. Even though the keel is 9" shallower, the actual center of the lead is lower (lead filled about the bottom 3' of the old keel). Secondly, leeway seems to be negligible (it was never very great). Twice I've had channel markers considerably ahead and just barely to leeward while hard on the wind, and both times I've cleared them with room to spare.

Probably the most pleasant surprise is the boat tacks better. The best I was ever able to do before was have the speed drop in half on a tack, even in smooth water. Now there seems to be little loss, even when using the autopilot to tack (which is slower). I hadn't really noticed this during the initial sail, being preoccupied with getting all the rigging sorted out until first mate Helen, playing with the GPS, remarked that we had gone into a tack at three knots and come out at three knots. Put another way, the boat is much handier.

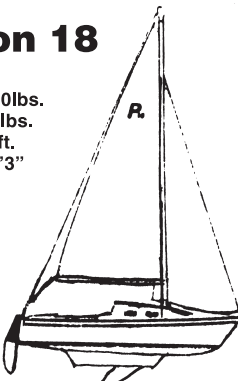
Was it worth it? Despite all the hassles, yes. Not only was a lot learned, but the boat is now much more suited to her home waters. We're looking forward to some new adventures and covering that keel slot!


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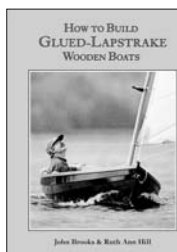
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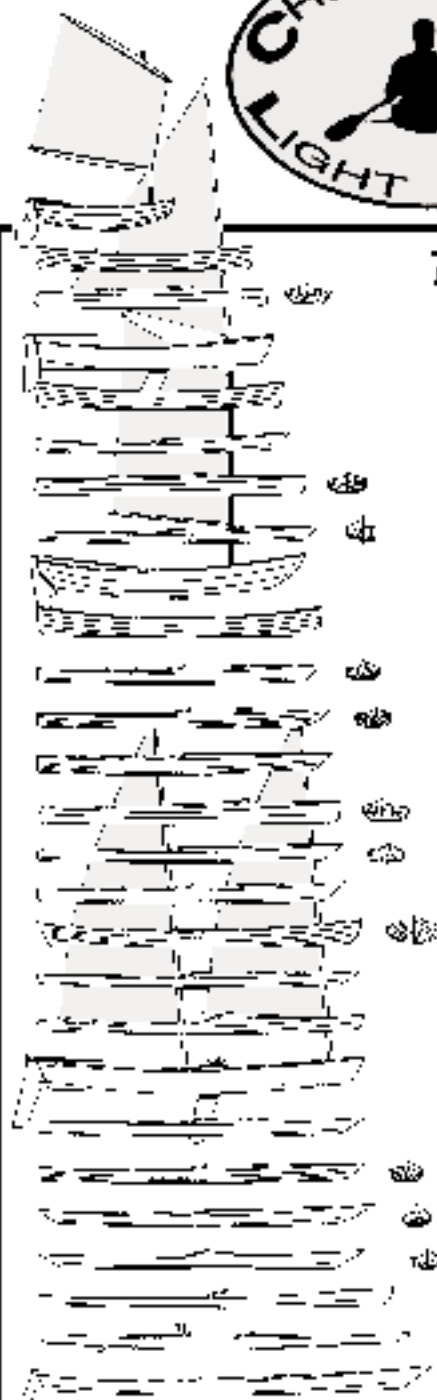
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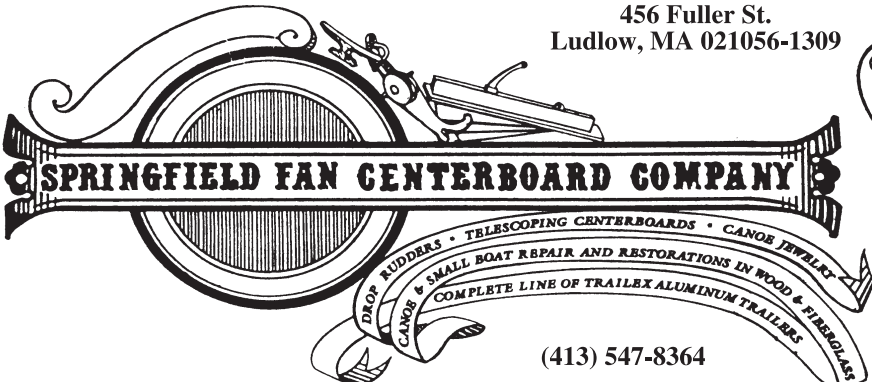
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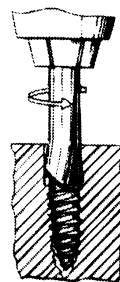
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30' Bolger Sharpie, blt '60, vy sound, nice sails. \$3,500 obo. BOB JERMAINNE, Chester, CT, (860) 526-1119 (2)



18' Chris Craft Sea Skiff, '58, 95hp Model K rblt '93, 100hrs. Custom seat cushions, Sunbrella convertible top, side/aft curtains. Teak swim platform/ladder. Brightwork refinished, hull & bottom painted '04. Bottom partially refastened. Loadright trlr. \$9,000. Pictures available. SAM WEBSTER, Detroit, MI, (313) 590-0945, <ChrisCraftSkiff@aol.com> (2)

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'78 Drascombe Dabber, 2nd owner, built in England, all fg, w/teak trim, length 16', beam 5'10", all bronze fittings, retractable hinged cb, draft board up 8", down 36", weight compl w/sailing gear 550lbs, mooring, trailerable boat cover w/fg supports, Bowsprit & bumkin are easily removed for inboard storage. Original 3 sails, main 83sf, jib 21sf, mizzen 14sf, total 118sf. Full flotation w/4 adults, vy seaworthy, Coast Guard package, all in exc cond for her age \$3,850. Long galv trlr '89 available for \$450. Also 2-1/2hp Mariner '96 for \$490. CLAUDE M. DUBRESSON, Kill Devil Hills, NC, (252) 480-2034 (3)

1890's J.H. Rushton 13' Iowa Pleasure Boat, beautiful (same as photo after page 124 in Atwood Manley's book *Rushton and His Times in American Canoeing*). Planking, decking, gunwales exc. Bottom 6" of some ribs missing, easy repair. Set into decks are 2 brass pennant holders and unique brass plate reading "J. H. Rushton's Boats & Canoes - Sold by the H & D Folsom Arms Co. 3-14 Broadway, New York." Totally seaworthy. Pictures available. \$5,800. **'23 Old-town 20' Guide Special**, wood-canvas canoe #73726, CS Grade. Totally seaworthy. Pictures available. \$600. Call anytime or email. LEE ROSENTHAL, Wallkill, NY, (845) 895-3137 <leerosenthal@frontiernet.net> (2)



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27' Atkin Schooner Stormalong. Steel hull. Blt 1985. Diesel engine runs at 1qt/hr. Full set white sails (main, foresail, 2 genoas, storm jib) plus 3 tanbark sails that have never been used (mail, foresail, jib). Max headroom nearly 6', one dbl berth, dinette converts to single berth. No through-hull fittings except prop shaft (with PSS bearing) and electrolysis meter. No electronics. Battery used only for starting engine. 40 gals. water. Sink w/ small disposable sump. 5-gal. fuel built-in tank. 2 anchors. Dinghy. Asking \$14,500. BOB GERFY, Lopez Island, WA, (360) 468-4992 (2)

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15' Grumman Canoe, lt wt, painted by Grumman, red. \$350. CARL BELLING, 1909 N. Bay Dr., Warsaw, IN 46580, (574) 268-1990 (2)



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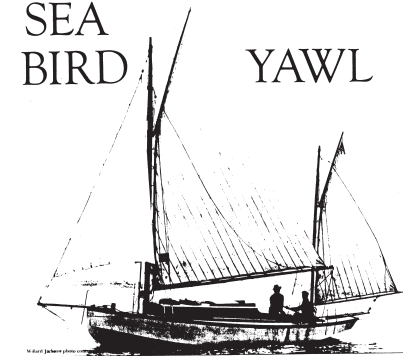
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P.J. Roar, a 15' marine ply sliding-seat sculling boat. Compl plans incl sliding seat assembly & full-size frames. Hull 59lbs, rigging 17lbs. Car-topable 100% by one person. Plans \$30. Extensive construction manual \$10.

JOHN NICHOLSON YACHT DESIGN LLC,
Alexandria, VA, (703) 946-4635 <http://www.jnicholson.net> (13P)

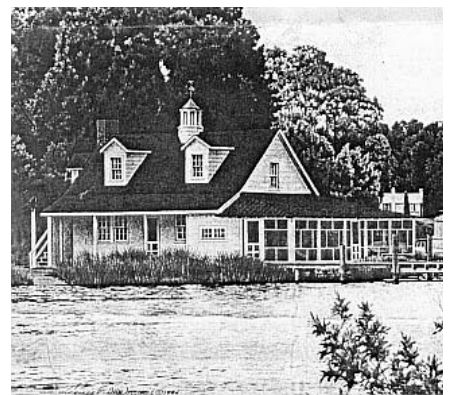
WATERFRONT PROPERTY FOR SALE OR RENT

Getaway Vacation Rental on Lake Huron, secluded home on Lake Huron 3 miles from DeTour village in the U.P. of Michigan. Direct access to famous North Channel of Lake Huron. Over 500' of private waterfront w/200' on protected Lake Huron bay. 7 yr home on 1 floor sleeping 6 w/compl apartment over attached 2 car garage sleeping 6. Features full laundry, hot tub, deck, sandy beach. Home alone \$800/wk; home & apartment \$1,100/wk; Apartment alone \$300/wk.

ROBERT/JEAN BLOOM, DeTour Village, MI 49715, (906) 297-6105, <rjbloom@sault.com> (3P)

Vacation Rental, Damariscotta, ME: Paddle or sail the river from your doorstep or transport your boat to many other wonderful paddling/sailing/rowing options. In the heart of mid-coast Maine. Almost new home w/private dock & swim beach located on the Damariscotta River only a short walk from the charming village. Fireplace, dishwasher, washer/dryer, microwave, satellite TV, whirlpool tub, & canoe. 3 brms, 2 baths. No pets or smoking. \$1,800 per week, June - August, \$1,500 the rest of the year.

DAVID RAY, Bristol, ME, (207) 563-1032 (3)



Vacation Rental Waterfront, 100yr old refurbished cottage off lower Potomac River nr Leonardtown, MD. Suitable for 3 couples or 2 families. Slps up to 10. Incl protected deepwater slip & several small craft. \$1,000-\$1,350/wk. LEONARD EPPARD, Lorton, VA, (703) 550-9486 (TF)

EVENTS

Boats-To-Tool Auction, sell your watercraft or boat related items. 200+ items in 2004. 8th Annual Wooden Boat Show, June 17-19. Entry forms available.

NORTH HOUSE FOLK SCHOOL, Grand Marais, MN, (888) 387-9762, www.northhouse.org (2)



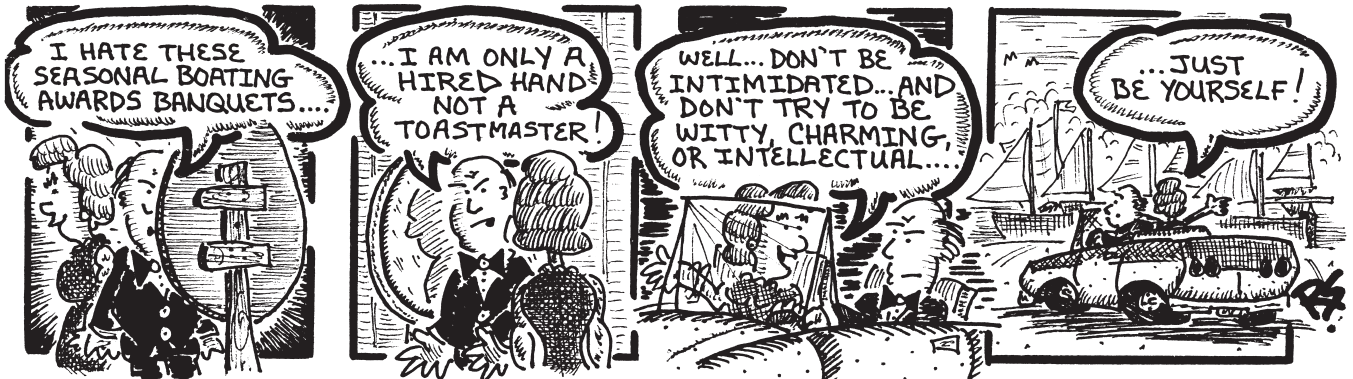
Shiver Me Timbers

By: Robert L. Summers

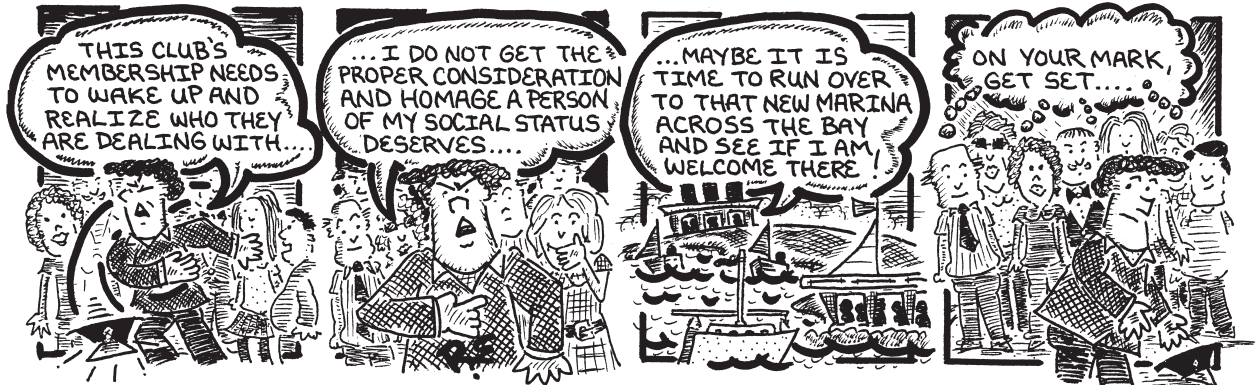
Yacht Clubs



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ADIRONDACK GUIDE BOAT

We offer our guideboats in cedar or a Kevlar-glass composite. Our cedar boat is also available as a kit.

We now build two hard-chined composite boats...our Vermont Packboat and our new Vermont Fishing Dory.

The photo above was taken by Bob Hicks during the Blackburn Challenge. The going was easy in this portion of the race. Competitors later encountered 6-ft seas. The chair of the race committee, Tom Lawler, later said, "We are ashamed we let that race go on. If we ever have conditions like that again, we are going to cancel the race."

Paul Neil, the man at the oars, has won his class in the Blackburn eight times in a row....something never done by any other competitor in any boat.

For additional information, please visit our website

www.adirondack-guide-boat.com

PO 144 Charlotte VT 05445
(802) 425-3926

Boatbuilding Class May 16-21 Old Forge, NY



SHOWS

May 13-15 Paddlefest, Inlet, NY
May 28-30 Woodstock Craftshow, New Paltz, NY
June 18-20 No Octane Regatta, Blue Mtn Lake, NY
June 19-20 Clearwater Festival, Croton, NY
July 16-7 Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, VT
July 29-31 Stowe Arts Festival, Stowe, VT
July 30-1 Antique & Classic, Skaneateles, NY
Aug 5-7 Champlain Valley Folk Festival, Ferrisburg, VT
Aug 5-7 Hildene Crafts Festival, Manchester, VT
Aug 5-7 Antique & Classic Clayton NY
Aug 12-4 Art & Crafts Festival, Lake Placid, NY
Aug 12-4 Maine Boats & Harbors, Rockland ME
Aug 19-21 Adirondack Living, Lake George, NY
Sep 9-11 Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival, WA

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